

BOOKS used in Colleges and Schools,
PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.

CLASSICAL AND THEOLOGICAL WORKS BY THE
REV. S. T. BLOOMFIELD, D.D. F.S.A.

THUCYDIDES' HISTORY OF THE PELOPON-
NESIAN WAR, a New Recension of the Text: with a
carefully amended Punctuation, and copious Notes. &c. Vol. I.
8vo. 12s. cloth.—The second and concluding volume is in the
press.

A TRANSLATION OF THUCYDIDES. 3 vols.
8vo. with Maps, &c. 2l. 5s. boards.

THE GREEK TESTAMENT: with Copious
English Notes. 3rd Edition, greatly enlarged. 2 vols. 8vo.
with Map, 2l. cloth.

* A College Edition of the above, 2nd Edit. 10s. 6d. cloth.

A LEXICON to the above, and intended as a
Companion to them. 9s. cloth.

ELEMENTS OF GEOMETRY: consisting of
the first four, and the sixth, Books of Euclid, chiefly from
the Text of Dr. Robert Simson; with the principal Theorems
in Proposition, and a Course of Practical Geometry on the
Ground. Also, Four Tracts relating to Circles, Planes, and
Solids; with one on Spherical Geometry. By JOHN NARRIEN,
F.R.S. and R.A.S., Professor of Mathematics, &c. in Sandhurst
College. 8vo. pp. 286, with many Diagrams, 10s. 6d. bound.

* This work forms the second of a series which is to constitute
a General Course of Mathematics for the use of the
Gentlemen Cadets, and the Officers in the Senior Departments
of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. The Course, when
completed, will comprehend the following subjects:—Arithmetic
and Algebra; Geometry; Plane and Spherical Trigonometry,
with Mensuration; Analytical Geometry and the
Differential and Integral Calculus, with the Properties of the
Conic Sections; Practical Astronomy and Godesdy; the Principles
of Mechanics; and Physical Astronomy.

NEW AND IMPROVED EDITIONS OF THE LATE
BISHOP BUTLER'S ATLASES, GEOGRAPHY, &c.

ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY: 23
coloured Maps, from new plates, with complete INDEX.
8vo. pp. 36, 12s. half-bound.

ATLAS OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY: 22
coloured Maps, with ACCENTUATED INDEX. 8vo. pp. 34,
12s. half-bound.

GENERAL ATLAS OF ANCIENT AND
MODERN GEOGRAPHY, 43 coloured Maps and 2
INDICES. 4to. pp. 34, 24s. half-bound.

SKETCH OF MODERN AND ANCIENT GEO-
GRAPHY. New edition (1842), revised and improved by his
Son. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 404, 9s. boards.

An Abridgement of the same, for the use of
Beginners. 3rd edition (1842), fcap. 8vo. pp. 132, 2s. sewed.

OUTLINE GEOGRAPHICAL COPY-
BOOKS, intended as Practical Exercises. 4to. 4s. each,
sewed.

A LEXICON OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE:
containing a Greek-English Lexicon, combining the
advantages of an Alphabetical and Derivative Arrangement;
and an English-Greek Lexicon, more copious than any that has
ever appeared. By the Rev. Dr. GILES, late Fellow C.C. Oxon.
2nd Edition, with Corrections. 8vo. pp. 976, 21s. cloth.
* A worthy companion to Riddle's Latin Dictionary, containing
all the information necessary to a student. —*Athenæum*.

A COMPLETE LATIN-ENGLISH AND
ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY, for the use of Col-
leges and Schools. By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A. 2nd
Edition, corrected and enlarged. 1 very thick vol. 8vo. pp. 1126,
81s. 6d. cloth.

* Separately, the English-Latin Part, 3rd Edition, pp. 316,
10s. 6d. cloth; and Latin-English Part, 3rd Edition, corrected
and enlarged, pp. 808, 21s. cloth.

* The best of its kind in our language; and we rejoice to hear that
in our principal schools it is fast superseding all others.—*The*
Abridgement is a careful condensation of the original.

Also (the above abridged, for Schools), square 12mo. 12s. bound.
THE YOUNG SCHOLAR'S LATIN-ENG-
LISH AND ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY.

* Separately, the Latin-English Part, pp. 704, 7s. bound;
and English-Latin Part, pp. 312, 5s. 6d. bound.

* An invaluable book. —*Church of England Quarterly Magazine*.

A GREEK GRADUS: or, a Greek, Latin, and
English Prosodial Lexicon; containing the Latin and
English Interpretations of all Words which occur in the Greek
Poets, with the Quantity of the Syllables verified by Authorities.
By the late Dr. NASSIUS. With Synopsis of the Greek Metres,
by Dr. MAJOR. 2nd Edition (1842), revised and corrected by
the Rev. F. E. J. VALPY, M.A. 8vo. pp. 304, 15s. cloth.

* This very learned and useful work, which combines the
advantage of a Greek prosodial dictionary, or explanation of the
power of syllables, with that of a lexicon, or interpretation of
the meaning of words used by the Greek Poets, as low as the
age of Ptolemy Philadelphus, has been thoroughly revised by
Mr. Valpy. All insufficient authorities have been expunged,
and their place supplied by more conclusive examples: the num-
berous errors in the marking of accents and quantities, which
had crept into the former edition, have been remedied; super-
fluous quotations and superfluous authorities have been omitted;
many new words have been inserted, or their interpretations
improved; and various minor corrections made. Altogether,
Valpy's edition of Brasse's Greek Gradus may be considered as
the book for the student of Greek poetry. —*Spectator*.

NEW WORKS printed for
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.
By the Rt. Hon. THOS. BABINGTON MACAULAY.
8vo. pp. 194, 10s. 6d. cloth.

A SCRIPTURE HERBAL;
Containing an Account of all the Plants, Drugs, Perfumes,
and Gums, mentioned in the Bible; with an enumeration of the
Texts in which they are mentioned. By LADY CALLCOTT.
Illustrated with upwards of 120 Wood Engravings. Handsomely
printed in square crown 8vo. pp. 568, 12. 5s. cloth.

THE NEIGHBOURS:
A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.
By FREDERICK BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT.
2 vols. post 8vo. pp. 674, 15s. boards.

THE LAW OF NISI PRIUS,
EVIDENCE IN CIVIL ACTIONS, ARBITRATIONS, AND
AWARDS. With an Appendix of the New Rules, the Statutes
of Set-off, Interpleader, and Limitation, and the Decisions thereon.
By ARCHIBALD JOHN STEPHENS, Barrister-at-Law.
3 vols. royal 8vo. pp. 3,336, 5l. 5s. boards.

CONTENTS.
Account of the Common Law of England. Shipping
Adultery. Covenant. Insurance. Life. Slender
Arbitration and Debt. — Fire. Stoppage in
Awards. Deceit. — Marine. Transitu
Assault and Battery. Libel. Tender
Assumpsit. Ejectment. Malicious Ar. Tithes
Attorney. Rest. Prosecution. Trovass
Auction. Executors and Ad. Mandamus. Use & Occupa-
Bankruptcy. Ministrators. Master and Servant. Water (Tion
Baron and Feme Factor. Nuisance. Wharves and
Bill of Exchange. Fishery. Quo Warranto. Way
Promis-Frauds (Statute Partners. Replevin. Wharves and
sary Notes. 617. Rescous. Wharfingers
Carriers. Game. Statutes of Interpleader
Case. Imprisonment. Statutes of Limitation.

APPENDIX (The New Rules. Statutes of Interpleader
(Statutes of Set-off. Statutes of Limitation.
* The Index consists of above 300 pages.

THE BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY

OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOW-
LEDGE.—The Second Half-volume of this work will appear on
the 1st of November, 8vo. 12s. cloth.

Amongst other lives are those of Albertus Magnus, the Ab-
bats, Alcuin, D'Alembert, Alexander the Great, Alexander of
Russia, and the Popes Alexander.

The First Volume, now complete, contains 1661 Memoirs.

A DICTIONARY,
Geographical, Statistical, and Historical,
Of the various Countries, Places, and principal Natural Objects
in the World. By J. R. McCULLOCH, Esq. 2 thick vols. 8vo.
pp. 1,563, Illustrated with Six large Important Maps, 4l. cloth.

* The extent of information this Dictionary affords on the subjects
referred to in its title is truly surprising. It cannot fail to prove a
valuable resource to the student, whose inquiries will be guided by its light,
and satisfied by its clear and frequently elaborated communications.
Every public room in which commerce, politics, or literature, forms
the subject of discussion, ought to be furnished with these volumes. —*Globe*.

A DICTIONARY,
Practical, Theoretical, and Historical,
Of Commerce and Commercial Navigation.
Illustrated with Maps and Plans. By J. R. McCULLOCH, Esq.
A New Edition, with a new and enlarged Supplement, contain-
ing the New Tariff, the New Corn Law, (with an article on the
latter), and bringing down the information in the work to Sep-
tember, 1842. Compactly and beautifully printed in 1 very thick
volume, 8vo. of 1,452 pages, 2l. 10s. boards.

* The New SUPPLEMENT, separately, 5s. sewed.

A DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE,
LITERATURE and ART;
Comprising the History, Description, and Scientific Principles
of every branch of Human Knowledge, with the Derivation and
Definition of all the Terms in general Use. By W. T. BRANDE,
F.R.S. L. & E. &c.; assisted by JOSEPH CAUVIN, Esq., and
other Gentlemen of eminence in their respective departments.
1 very thick vol. 8vo. closely and beautifully printed, and illus-
trated with Wood Engravings, pp. 1,322, 3l. cloth.

* This Dictionary, now completed, is worthy of especial commenda-
tion. It was a work much wanted, and to ensure accuracy it has been
divided into departments, and each department entrusted to some one
whose name appears as security for general accuracy. * It is ob-
viously impossible to review a work of this nature, or, indeed, to do
justice to it without running into detail and minute criticism that
would be utterly wearisome. We must, therefore, rest content with
recommending it as a most useful work, and one equally so to all classes
and all persons. —*Athenæum*.

CHESS EXEMPLIFIED,
In a Concise and Easy Notation, greatly facilitating Practice;
being an Introduction to the Game, on a System of Progressive
Instruction and Examples.
By the late President of a Select Chess Club.
Part I. 12mo. pp. 141, with a Chess-board, on the new system,
displayed on a separate sheet, 5s. cloth.

The features of this admirable little guide to chess are three: the
work is clearly and judiciously written; a new notation is used for
describing actual moves, by which means the description of a game is
much abbreviated, and the student follows the manoeuvres with more
ease; lastly, the elements of the game appear to us to be taught in a
clearer, easier, and sounder mode. —*Spectator*.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS
PUBLISHED BY

JOHN W. PARKER, West Strand.

The Third Edition, with Additions, 12s.
ARCHITECTURAL NOTES ON GER-
MAN CHURCHES, with Notes of a Tour in Normandy
and Picardy.

By the Rev. W. WHEWELL, B.D. F.R.S.
Master of Trinity College, and Professor of Moral Philosophy
in the University of Cambridge.

8vo. with Portrait, 18s. THE
LIFE OF ISAAC MILNER, D.D. F.R.S.

Dean of Carlisle; comprising a Portion of his Corre-
spondence, and other Writings hitherto unpublished.
By his Niece, MARY MILNER.

A New Edition, revised, with Critical and Philological Notes,
8vo. 12s.

A TRANSLATION of the BOOK of
PSALMS.
By WILLIAM FRENCH, D.D., Master of Jesus College,
Cambridge, and Canon of Ely; and
Rev. GEORGE SKINNER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of
Jesus College.

Post Octavo, with numerous Illustrations, 10s. 6d.
Dedicated, by special Permission, to Her Majesty.

THE EVIDENCE OF PROFANE HIS-
TORY TO THE TRUTH OF REVELATION.

It is the object of this Work to exhibit, from traces afforded
in the records and monuments, both sacred and profane, of an
ancient world, an unity of purpose maintained by the all-con-
trolling providence of God.

A PRACTICAL ARABIC GRAM-
MAR.
By DUNCAN STEWART.

8vo. 10s.

ELEMENTS OF SYRIAC GRAMMAR.
By the Rev. J. PHILLIPS, M.A.
Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge.

8vo. 12s. 6d.
LEE'S HEBREW GRAMMAR.

This day, Third Edition, revised and enlarged, 10s. 6d.

STUDENTS' MANUAL OF ANCIENT
HISTORY: containing the Political History, Geographical
Position, and Social State of the Principal Nations of Antiquity,
from the earliest times to the present, and the Changes in their
Social Condition; with a History of the Colonies founded by
Europeans, and General Progress of Civilization.

By the same Author, 2nd Edition, revised and enlarged, 10s. 6d.

STUDENTS' MANUAL OF MODERN
HISTORY: the Rise and Progress of the principal European
Nations, their Political History, and the Changes in their
Social Condition; with a History of the Colonies founded by
Europeans, and General Progress of Civilization.

2nd Edition, revised, with numerous Illustrations, 6s.
RECREATIONS IN PHYSICAL GEO-
GRAPHY; or, THE EARTH AS IT IS.
By Miss K. M. ZORNIN.

The 2nd Edition, revised, with Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

RECREATIONS IN GEOLOGY, with
a Preliminary Discourse on the Nature and Advantages
of Geology, and a Glossary.

2nd Edition, revised, with upwards of 50 Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY,
with a Glossary.
By the Rev. LEWIS TOMLINSON.

With numerous Illustrations, 4s. 6d.

RECREATIONS IN CHEMISTRY.
By THOMAS GRIFFITHS,
Chemical Lecturer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

New Edition, revised, 5s.

THE FAMILY HAND-BOOK; or,
Practical Information in DOMESTIC ECONOMY, in-
cluding Cookery, Household Management, and all other Sub-
jects connected with the Health, Comfort, and Expensiveness
of a Family; with Choice Receipts and Valuable Hints.

3rd Edition, 2s. 6d.

ON the MANAGEMENT and EDU-
CATION OF CHILDREN; being Mrs. CHILD'S Mother's
Book revised.

BY AUTHORITY.
A MANUAL OF WRITING, founded
on the Method of Mulhauser, and adapted to English
Use, under the Sanction of the Committee of Privy Council on
Education. Price 2s. 6d. Also,
FORTY WRITING MODELS. Price 2s. 6d.

Published by JOHN W. PARKER, West Strand;

Of whom may be had,
The Writing Books, (2s. per dozen, or 16s. per 100); the Ruled
Slates (6s. per dozen), Black Boards, with Easels, &c. required
in the practice of this Method of Writing.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1842.

REVIEWS

Lectures on History.—[*Cours d'Etudes Historiques*.] By M. Daunou. Paris and London, Didot.

We have here an elaborate and important work, by a man of eminent ability, ten years a lecturer at the Royal College of France, on the science and study of history. M. Daunou lived to see his first volume printed; the second, now also before us, has been given to the world under the auspices of his friend and literary executor, M. Taillandier; and other volumes are yet to appear. A fragment of a preface, by the author, presents a general view of the design and character of his labours.—“Having undertaken (he says), in 1819, the Professorship of History in the Royal College of France, I felt it my duty to inquire what method of instruction it became me to pursue in a seminary of such high rank. It occurred to me, that mere narratives, such as those that fill the pages of historians of all nations, would ill accord with the chair which I was called to occupy; and that, to render such matters profitable, I ought to connect with it much more critical discussion and moral observation than books called histories in general contain. I had already essayed to carry out this idea with respect to the annals of the world antecedent to the Christian era. But before I could enter into an examination of ancient history, it became necessary to trace the plan of my inquiry, by a general investigation of the sources, the uses, and the methods of prosecuting historical science. These preliminaries, which drew me into a wide field, embrace the matters which I now propose to discuss.”

The method observed by M. Daunou is simple and perspicuous. He begins by developing the sources of history, examining by what variety of ways memorials of events are handed down, how the knowledge of the past originates and perpetuates itself, and how the different species of traditions, monuments, and original narratives have contributed to constitute the mass of historical information.—“It is by the enumeration (he well observes) and study of all these sources,—it is by the analysis of the collections or depositaries where the results of these various originals are found combined, that the means are to be obtained of estimating evidence, verifying facts, discerning in any record what is true, what is only probable, what wants verisimilitude, what is to be rejected as fabulous, chimerical, or even impossible. Thus may we establish rules of criticism sufficiently certain and rigorous to give history the character of a true science, composed of positive facts, of which we have either determined the perfect certainty, or appreciated the probability.”

We are disposed, however, to object to the application of the name of Science to history. The science of history is a very distinct thing from history itself, which is the result of a scientific investigation into its proper sources. History is not a science, but a collection of conclusions arrived at in the course of researches conducted upon scientific principles—being, in fact, the principles of the general science of human evidence. The distinction will appear obvious in other cases. Thus the history of chemistry is palpably different from the science of chemistry, and Montucla's ‘History of Mathematics,’ from the works of Archimedes, Newton, or Lagrange. In the same manner, the history of England, or of France, is no science; although every proposition of the genuine historian is the result of the balancing of testimonies and proofs, a process essentially scientific, and capable of abstract discussion and

reduction to general principles, applicable to other branches of learning as well as history,—for example, the study of the law. We do not, however, mean to charge M. Daunou with confounding things so essentially distinct: the very work in our hands shows that he has only fallen into a verbal inaccuracy in the passage we have quoted. As a professor and lecturer, he properly concluded that his business was to unfold the principles of investigation, and the grounds, laws, and measures of historical evidence; not himself to engage in any particular historical inquiry, much less to confine himself to a reproduction, comparison, or criticism of the historical works of others. History is not properly a subject of teaching, but the science of it eminently requires the teacher's aid; and that it has not yet been cordially received into the circle of academic studies in this country, is a scandal to our universities and schools. A better manual than the work before us, as far as it has been carried, has not been offered to our notice, and we should consider a translation a valuable service to the interests of liberal education.

The author alludes to one circumstance, which clearly indicates the importance of searching into the foundations of history, namely, the pyrrhonism, so prevalent in the eighteenth century, which went the length of denying the value of this branch of learning altogether, and which was provoked, and almost warranted, by the blind credulity which the majority of so-called historians professed and exacted. To secure history its place amongst rational studies, it is essential to defend it upon the one hand against the sceptics who pronounce all a fable, and on the other hand against the compilers who crowd its pages with absurdities and toys. The credit of history is restored by a sound criticism, that separates the province of truth from the dominion of fiction.

Amongst the pyrrhonists of the eighteenth century, Rousseau was the most ardent and intrepid. The coldness commonly ascribed to scepticism cannot be predicated of his works; Rousseau doubted as enthusiastically as ever dogmatist dogmatized. Historical criticism was by him defined (in *Emile*) to be “the art of choosing amongst a variety of lies that which most resembles the truth.” And again—“Have you never read Cleopatra or Cassandra, or other works of the same class? The author selects a known event, then accommodating it to his views, adorning it with details of his own invention, personages that never existed, and pictures of pure imagination, piles fiction upon fiction, to please and captivate his readers. I see little difference between these romances and our histories, except that the novelist depends more upon his own invention, and the historian is the slave of the invention of others; to which let me add, that the first proposes a moral object, be it good or evil; the other has no such care upon his mind.”

M. Daunou devotes some pages to the exposure of the mischievous fallacy thus put forward by the most daring of moral revolutionists. Nor can we say that the state of public opinion on the authority and value of history is even at the present day so healthy as to render an antidote to such poison needless. M. Daunou observes well—

To liken history to romance—to see nothing in it but a vast collection of moral tales and apologies—is to affirm, expressly enough, that it can never become a science, and that the world has been much abused by those who have represented it as the *testis temporum, vita memoria, nuncia vetustatis*. But I think that to strip it of those titles is to divest it also of its claims to be acknowledged as the *magistra vite*, for there is at least some exaggeration in pretending that historical narratives tend as palpably as pure

fictions to practical results. History contains numerous details and facts from which there is no immediate conclusion to be deduced; and when it does perform the functions of a political instructor, or moral teacher, the authority of its lessons has, in my opinion, no other foundation than the irrefragable truth of the facts which it recounts. Fables are invented expressly to obtain foregone conclusions, to establish wise maxims, sometimes to fortify pernicious prejudices. In no case have works of fiction any value save as they reflect some real aspect of human affairs, and borrow from experience—from history herself—the tints with which they invest supposed events and fictitious persons. Far from themselves proving any position whatever, their poetical truth is to be judged by the natural character of the story, its incidents and development. The only service which they render, their sole merit, is to shed a lustre upon the notions previously acquired by the study of nature and of man. *History is that study itself*; at least a considerable part of it. She has no other object in her impartial and scrupulous researches, but to collect experiences and demonstrate their reality, let the deductions from them be what they may. Of herself she tends to no system of philosophy; to no preconceived theory; and if, nevertheless, she enlightens and enriches the moral sciences, it is precisely because she is not the coiner of the facts and phenomena she contributes, but takes them as they come to her hand, and simply decides the question of their truth or falsehood. I know that Machiavel and other writers, in their historical reflections on private and public morals, on the duties of citizens and the interests of states, have employed fact and fiction almost indiscriminately; but I think they would have done well to follow a more severe method; facts whose truth is established are alone worthy to serve for examples; such, and such only, furnish the matter, the data, the elements, and not merely opportunity and pretext for moral and political discussions.

But to return to the *method* of M. Daunou's treatise, the first part consists of the “Examination and choice of facts,”—their examination, to fix their truth or probability, their selection, to distinguish amidst verified facts those whose knowledge is material to society, or useful in the sciences of politics and morals. The examination of facts constitutes what is called “historical criticism,” the subject of the first book; the choice of facts is the subject of the second book, which is therefore entitled the “uses of history.” The next branch of the work has for its subject the “classification of facts,” which embraces the studies of geography and chronology. The third and last division treats of the “exposition of facts,” which would seem at first sight to include their classification, and therefore sin against the rules of logic; but under the head of the “exposition of facts,” M. Daunou purposes to examine the general theory of the art of writing, and in particular the art of writing history, which naturally leads to an analysis of the principal historians of antiquity,—subjects totally distinct from the matter of the second part of the work. The volumes before us carry out this large plan of inquiry and instruction no further than the opening of the second division, treating of the connexion of geography with history. We have, however, thought it right to point out the whole range of the author's course, as our desire is to promote the cultivation of a much neglected and most valuable science by introducing our readers to this admirable text-book of its principles. It is the more necessary to sketch the plan of a work like this, because the nature of it precludes the possibility of giving an idea of its substance or execution by quotation. Quotation will only serve to exemplify the style of the composition, and the spirit of the writer. For this purpose we shall make one or two short extracts.

In the chapter on historical abridgments, (of which in general the best that can be said is

that they are necessary evils,) we find the following critique on the celebrated 'Discours de Bossuet.'

At length, in 1681, appeared the masterly discourse of Bossuet on Universal History, the first part of which is a picture of the memorable events from the Creation to Charlemagne. I know no narrative so swift, no abridgment so animated. The connexion between historical ideas was never established by so natural and close a chain. All the facts are present at once to the memory of Bossuet. He possesses all the details of his work before he sits down to write. So closely are his ideas related, that one always awakens the other, and that multitude of origins, catastrophes, and illustrious names falls into the only order of which it seems susceptible. The first part has not perhaps been enough admired: it is not inferior to the other two. The second is, however, the most eloquent defence of the Christian religion that has ever been composed; and the third, where the author considers the revolutions of empires, although the most succinct, is rich in profound thoughts, powerful expression, and sublime points. It has been lamented that throughout the work the little nation of the Jews is treated as the common centre of all the kingdoms of antiquity, to the greater part of which it was scarcely known; but it is to this very feature of his plan that the writer owes the unity, the colouring, the magnificence of his immortal work, which has never been surpassed or equalled. Nowhere is history to be seen in closer union with eloquence, nowhere are both allied so nearly to poetry, as in the master-pieces of Bossuet. When he composes a funeral oration, the idea of death unceasingly pursues him; that grim conception enters into all his portraiture, and seems to efface the work when it is just complete. We may say that he exalts his idols only to cast them down, and arrays them gorgeously only to consign them to the dust. It is thus also that he treats empires in his Universal History. He paints them powerful and fragile, already engaged to death and plighted to destruction, when they are risen to their meridian glory. D'Alembert admired in this production a genius as vast as profound, which, scornful to grovel in the frivolous details so dear to the rabble of historians, reviews and judges with a glance lawgivers and conquerors, princes and nations, the crimes and the virtues of mankind, and traces with vigorous and rapid pencil the consuming course of time, the finger of heaven in the affairs of earth, and the fates of kingdoms perishing like kings. In paying homage, however, to this brilliant work, we must take care not to exaggerate the services it has rendered the study of history. It is not complete for the time that it embraces, and is far from having the exactness which modern criticism requires.

The reader will probably recal to memory Bayle's incomparable illustration of the perfection of an historical abridgment. It occurs in the notes on the article Arsinöe.

Neither Justin, nor divers other abbreviators ever consider that an abridgment ought to resemble the pignies, who have all the parts of a perfect human body, though each proportionally lesser than those of a man of full stature. Lessen the parts of a narrative in an abridgment as much as you please, but cut off none.

This mention of Bayle leads us to give M. Daunou's opinion of the Historical and Critical Dictionary. He justly considers Bayle the father of the science of historical criticism:—

The happiest effect of the attempt of Moreri was to inspire Bayle with the idea of his dictionary, the publication of which is one of the great events of literary history during the closing years of the seventeenth century. In this work a rigorous method was applied for the first time to the verification of historical details. The greatest intellects, Boileau for example, have admired in this memorable production an erudition affluent and deep, a criticism ingenious and enlightened. If the style is a little prolix, it is always clear and easy, often graceful and original. Bayle, however, has had his share of censure. Renaudot, Jurieu, Reimann, Josse Leclerc, Crouzas, and Philippe-Louis Joly, have made observations upon his labours, several of which deserve attention. But, translated into English and German, the Critical Dictionary has been read by all Europe. Chaffu-

pic and Prosper Marchand have attempted imitations; others have ventured on abridgments; far from being overwhelmed by so great a multitude of assailants, copyists, and commentators, the reputation of this remarkable work remains as fresh and vigorous as ever. There has lately appeared, thanks to the pains of M. Beuchot, a highly improved edition.

Narrative of the Expedition to China, from the Commencement of the War to the Present Period; with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of that singular and hitherto almost unknown Country. By Commander J. Elliot Bingham, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn.

"CHINA," says a Prophecy of the Nation, "is to be conquered by a woman!"—and our author, like a loyal and valiant servant militant of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by an auxiliary prophecy of his own, anticipates this conquest for his Royal Mistress. In that event, our triumphant relation to the representative of the dynasty will, not improbably, give us some influence with his illustrious connexions, the Sun and Moon,—and by this means we may chance to recover from the latter, as spoil supplementary, some other of those many visionary projects which, since their disappearance from the earth, the eye of Poetry has discovered in that distant planet. The probabilities of such a result to the arms of our gracious Queen, and such an introduction to the Celestials, we are not called on to discuss. We offer the hint, but for the sake of the hope which we feel it will bring to many pining hearts; for we have, ourselves, a stray or two in that quarter, that we will freely travel all the distance to get back, when Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, shall be proclaimed at Pekin.

Enforced idleness, following in the train of promotion, and a sojourn in England, for the cure of a wound received at the storming of the Bogue Forts, in January 1841, drove Commander Bingham upon authorship, and induced him to continue his connexion with the service from which he was separated, by preparing this sketch of the various events connected with the present war in China. Such a publication seems, at first view, more seasonable than, in truth it is. For history, properly so called—a clear and summary review of the events in question, in their general bearings and relations—it is too early, while the series of them is, yet, in action; and, at any rate, nothing of the kind has been attempted by Commander Bingham. As materials for history, this collection was scarcely wanted. The earliest of its dates is so recent, and its details have been so fully communicated to the public by the various journals,—from which Commander Bingham seems to have compiled this loose chronicle—that the information which it offers must be expressed by a very low figure indeed. Even for such interest as the subject could be made to yield, the author has been anticipated by the narratives of Mr. Slade and Lord Jocelyn. We could scarcely hope, therefore, to attract our readers, by any notice of the general narrative, or discussion of the various topics which it incidentally raises:—and shall confine ourselves, therefore, to such extracts from Commander Bingham's pages as may illustrate the manners of the remarkable people with whom we have only now begun to make a real acquaintance, or throw light on the institutions which have, for so many centuries, sealed from our observation nearly a third portion of the globe.

The evidences are many, in all the channels through which we hear of this strange people, that the lengthened intercourse to which their commerce has introduced them with the "Barbarians," has given them more shrewd measures of the proportions of the latter than popular prejudice or courtly deference will permit them to

avow. With a nation so acute—so capable of making estimates, had it not so long wanted standards,—this could not well be otherwise; and, therefore, we do not, at all times, give its more enlightened Mandarin credit for all the stupidity they profess. Our author, however, furnishes some curious examples of that profound ignorance, positive and relative, which scarcely becomes a nation so transcendently connected, and, in the individual instances, taken in connexion with other proceedings of the particular parties furnishing them, is open, as we have hinted, to the suspicion of being more politic than real:—

"About this time there appeared a memorial to the emperor on the opium and sycee question from Keshen, viceroy of Petcheli, by whom we were, about a year and a half afterwards, so completely bamboozled. That he is one of the most acute and witty of Chinese statesmen is, I believe, generally acknowledged; and that he was fully aware how utterly incapable China was of contending against the British power, his subsequent memorials to the Emperor have proved. This memorial affords but a very poor idea of Chinese literature, when we find the most talented of her children writing such absurd nonsense. He falls into the most gross mistakes in his calculations, asserting that in thirty or forty years the use of opium has been the means of 'several thousand myriad myriads' of taels leaking out to the distant foreigners. Now this is a prodigious error; for at ten millions per year, it would only amount to four hundred millions in forty years. It would appear inconceivable that such a miscalculation could be any other than wilfully made to mislead his celestial master, did we not find this same learned and talented mandarin pencilling in continuation the following most extraordinary nonsense:—'Again, in reference to the foreign money which these said foreigners bring, it is all boiled with, and reduced by quicksilver. If you wrap it up, and put it past for several years without touching it, it will become moths and corroding insects, and their silver cups will change into feathers or wings. Their money is all of this species: and if we leave it for four or five hundred years, I'm sure I don't know what it will change into at last!' Again, he says, alluding to our demand for tea and rhubarb:—'The reason of this is, that their climate is rough and rigorous, the sun and wind both fierce and strong; day by day they subsist on beef and mutton; the digestion of this food is not easy; their bowels are bound up, and they speedily die; therefore it is, that every day after meals they take of this divine medicine in order to get a motion of their bowels.'"

On the 21st of June, as our readers know, the first part of the force intended to act against the Chinese arrived off Macao; and some days afterwards, the Chinese authorities published a graduated scale of rewards, to be given for the taking or destroying British ships or subjects. The document, which the author observes, is curious, "as the first of the kind ever known to have emanated from this very singular government," certainly illustrates, in a very marvellous degree, the barbarian policy of these monopolizers of all the wisdom and civilization of the earth. The following is an abstract of the rewards:—

"For the capture of a ship of 80 guns, twenty thousand dollars; for smaller ones, a diminished reward of one hundred dollars for every gun under 80. For utterly destroying the same by fire or otherwise, ten thousand dollars. For a merchant-vessel, all her cargo—whether goods or money, excepting guns, warlike instruments, or opium—to the captors, with an additional ten thousand for those vessels that have three masts; for those with two and a half mast (probably steamers), five thousand dollars; and for those with two masts, three thousand; for a large boat, three hundred; for a small boat one hundred; for destroying by fire or sinking them, one-third of the above sum or sums. For taking alive a barbarian officer, if chief commander, five thousand dollars; five hundred to be deducted for every degree of rank lower. For the murder of the same, one-third of the before-named sum. For taking alive English barbarians, or Parsees, whether

soldiers or sailors, one hundred dollars. For the murder of the same, one-fifth of the aforesaid sum. To those who seize the black imps (sepoys and lascars), a proportionate reward. For abandoned natives who take supplies to the barbarians, one hundred dollars. For those less guilty, a proportionate reward. "Those less guilty," refers to the native compradores and servants, who, though they quitted service at the time the edicts ordered them to do so, soon after returned to their employers; of which circumstance Lin was fully aware. This table of rewards has to the stranger a very alarming appearance; but it was well known to the residents, that few of the natives would attempt to avail themselves of the offered bounties, as they well knew they would never see the reward, even in case of a successful capture, as the high officers would always invent some false charge of informality to warrant them in withholding it."

Little as we know of this nation, in all which constitutes its real character we have, yet, some acquaintance with its externals; and are scarcely grateful to Commander Bingham for such paragraphs of information as the following:—"The ladies of China paint white and red, with the eyebrows marked with fine black lines." But many of our readers may like to see a Chinese dandy; and here is a clever portrait of one, which may convince them that barbarism is tolerably evenly divided between London and Peking, and a Celestial exquisite is, allowing for the mere difference of fashions, pretty much the same sort of animal as may be met, any spring morning, on the shady side of Regent Street:—

"This Mandarin was one of the finest specimens of a man I had till then seen in China. He stood about six feet two or three inches, and was apparently stout in proportion. He wore the winter cap, the crown of which was of a puce-coloured satin, shaped to, and fitting close to the head, with a brim of black velvet turned sharply up all round, the front and hinder parts rising rather higher than the sides. In fact, in shape much resembling the paper boats we make for children. On the dome-shaped top of this he wore a white crystal sexangular button, in a handsome setting. Beneath this was a one-eyed peacock's feather falling down between his shoulders. This feather was set in green jade-stone about two inches long, beyond which about ten inches of the feather projected, and though apparently but one, is, in fact, formed of several most beautifully united. His *ma-kwa*, or riding-coat, was a fine blue camel, the large sleeves of which extended about half down the fore-arm, and the skirts nearly to the hip. Under this he wore a richly-figured blue silk jacket, the sleeves equally large, but reaching nearly to the wrist, and the skirts sufficiently long to display the full beauty of it below the *ma-kwa*. These loose dresses always fold over the right breast, and are fastened from top to bottom with loops and buttons. His *unshispeables* were of a light blue figured Nanking crape, cut much in the modern Greek style, being immediately below the knee tucked into the black satin mandarin boots, that in shape much resemble the old hessian, once so common in this country, with soles some two inches thick, the sides of which were kept nicely white, Warren's jet not yet having been introduced. To this part of his dress a Chinese dandy pays as much attention as our exquisite do to the formation of a 'Humby.' The figure was completed by his apparently warlike, but really peaceable implements, which no respectable chinaman would be seen without, viz., the fan with its highly-worked sheath; the purse or tobacco-pouch, in the exquisite embroidery of which great ingenuity is displayed; a variety of silver tooth and ear-picks, with a pocket for his watch, the belt to which these are attached having a small leather case fixed to it, to contain his flint and steel. I had nearly forgotten his tail,—his beautiful tail, the pride of every Chinaman's heart,—and in this case, if all his own, he might well be proud of it. I am afraid to say how thick it was, but it reached half way down his leg, and I would defy Rowland's Macassar to give a finer gloss. In short, he was the very epitome of a dandy Chinese cavalry officer."

The Chinese tail, however, is something more

than an ornament, and has its uses; which is more than can be said for some of the hairy appendages that figure in the evidences of European barbarism:—

"On the subjugation of China by the Tartars an edict was issued, requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plait the residue of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty, in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up with the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. I remember, on one occasion, to have seen a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it, while on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited, which is not often, they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture until one or the other cries out *peccavi*."

Their soldiers, it appears, are not the only formidable looking things which the Chinese get up, by the aid of a little dressing—but which will not bear closer military inspection:—

"The Conway had been employed in surveying the mouths of this mighty river, and her indefatigable captain succeeded in discovering a passage by which line-of-battle ships might be conducted through the sands which guard its entrance. The Conway did not proceed above sixty miles up, and even then the ebb was found to run eight hours, and the flood at neap tides was scarcely perceptible. The appearance of the ship created a great sensation: and the natives were apparently busy throwing up fortifications, which, being examined with the telescope, proved nothing but mats extended on poles, with painted ports to give them the appearance of forts; these poor ignorant people not having the least idea that their real character could be so easily distinguished. During the time the dispute was going on between the late Lord Napier and the Chinese authorities, our countrymen at Canton were one morning astonished at seeing the shore apparently bristling with a hundred cannon; but on examining them with their glasses, they had put up in the front of a mat-fort a range of earthen jars, with their open end pointed towards the river. We found that it was a common practice to stick a large round piece of wood into the muzzle of a three-pounder, painted white, with a black spot as large as the bore of a thirty-two pounder, and as the white muzzle was continued along the line of guns it became very difficult by merely looking at them to discover the deception."

The Island of Chusan, or Chowsan, with the city of Ting-hai, is well described by our author—who gives, also, many curious particulars of the Portuguese town of Macao. But these descriptions may be found elsewhere—and the places are becoming familiar to British imaginations. We prefer sketches illustrative of character:—

"When the troops first entered Ting-hai scarcely a soul was to be seen. Thousands had left the city, but many families remained shut up in their houses. When they found that the troops were peaceable and quiet, they gradually showed themselves, and the rabble speedily commenced a system of plunder; and goods from the deserted houses were carried out of the city night and day. The commandant was requested to prevent this by giving directions that nothing should be allowed to pass the gate. Orders to this effect were at first refused, on the plea that the inhabitants ought to come and look after their own affairs; and thus these disregards of *meum* and *tuum* were allowed to carry on a most prosperous game of spoliation, everything rapidly disappearing before their light fingers. No shops were open, and had this continued the city would soon have been empty; orders were therefore at length given to stop the robbers at the gates, and not to allow them to climb over the walls. The remedy now became worse than the disease; honest men were stopped with the thieves; for who was to distinguish between them? Goods out of number accumulated at the guard-house, and the magistrate's office was besieged by claimants to recover their property, who, on getting an order for it, helped themselves most liberally,

taking very good care to make up for all previous losses; and rarely, if ever, did the true owner become possessed of what was justly his. Coffins, notwithstanding the order, were allowed to pass, until the notice of the sentries was attracted by the quantities of dead relations, whose bodies were carried out of the town, when their curiosity prompted them to examine one of these pretended repositories of the dead, which proved to be full of rolls of silk, crape, and other valuables. * * The coffin-artifice failing, other methods were resorted to by the ever prolific minds of the Chinese. Several met their death from the sentries, while trying to force their way by them. One aged rogue, overlaid with plunder, sunk in the canal; many received the penalty of their crimes from the people whom they were attempting to rob. One fellow, in particular, was found tied to a post in the market-place so tightly bound, that the blood oozed out from his hands and arms, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. Another was brought to the magistrate's office, who had been thus treated by his captor,—a literary graduate, and it was two hours before he recovered the use of his speech. This learned character seemed much astonished, and could not at all understand why he should be accused of cruelty, having, as he stated, merely executed an act of justice."

"One great difficulty felt in our first intercourse with this island, was the little knowledge the natives had of silver. The tchen being their circulating medium, thousands of strings of them were carried off by the robbers before the soldiers became aware of their value. The inhabitants would at first not take silver, except the Carolus pillared dollar; and it was very long before they could be induced to receive the Mexican on any terms. I have, when paying for bullocks, seen them examine the dollars most minutely, only selecting those on which that king's effigy was represented with a small piece of armour on the shoulder. When they became more familiar with our silver coin, I saw a man refuse to take a sovereign, preferring an English shilling; in fact, nothing like a gold coinage has existed in China for ages. So addicted are the Chinese to debasing the currency that even the tchen, which is of less value than a tenth of a penny, is counterfeited. They will take a dollar, cut off the stamp about the thickness of tinsel, and scrape out the inside until a mere shell of the same thickness is left; they then fill it up with copper, and neatly braze the stamp on. The most critical examination of an unpractised eye will not easily discover the cheat. All the English houses employ shroffs, native Chinese, who readily detect a bad dollar; and as they are answerable for any that may be such after undergoing their examination, the English merchants are seldom sufferers by base coin."

We have devoted the principal part of our present article to such matters as have reference to the Chinese *Head*—but it is not fitting that we should bring our notice to a close, without some mention of that far more famed and cultivated Chinese feature, the *Foot*. On this subject our author's inquiries were curious and minute—and he was permitted to prosecute them under what we cannot but think very favourable circumstances—the "pretty girl of sixteen" being just the sort of subject one would choose for such experiments:—

"During our stay at this anchorage we made constant trips to the surrounding islands; in one of which,—at Tea Island,—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *pid mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably, from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our desire, as she would not consent to show us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl of about sixteen was placed on a stool for the purpose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper; but the shine of a new and very bright 'loopee' soon overcame her

delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies; for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton comrade was shown a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was 'He yaw! how can walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to show that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals*. Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tartar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tartar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves. For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor, or one of the six boards shall direct. If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding that they were coming into vogue, among the undeformed daughters of the Manchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore to check these misdemeanours, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the 'heads of the families with degradation and punishment, if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities; and his celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace, at the approaching presentation!' How far this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil, but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child about five years old was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said 'he-yaw, he-yaw.' "

But here we must stop for this week.

The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of Procuring Slumber at Will. By Edward Binns, M.D. Churchill.

It is not our custom to be personal in our criticisms; and our utter unacquaintance of the author whose name figures in the title-page of the work before us, precludes all motive for indulging in that reprehensible practice on the present occasion: but in what terms can we speak of this volume of mysticism and credulity, and display, as in duty bound, the nature and tendency of a work which sets the common sense of mankind at defiance, and moving in a sphere of its own, gathers, as in a garner, whatever is most unintelligible and questionable in science, and yet avoid certain inferences from the book to its author, which would be as painful in the utterance to ourselves, as they must be to the object of our censure. Had the work been addressed directly to the profession, we should have passed it in silence—satisfied to leave "the blood of Douglas" to "protect itself;" but its pretension is to be popular—its appeal is to the masses; and however pure may be the author's intentions, its faults jump so perfectly with the tendencies of the time, that, in its effects, it can only be classed with the *ad captandam* publications of avowed quackery.

It was a fancy of the once celebrated Dean Tucker, that nations, like individuals, were liable to paroxysms of insanity; and it really seems as if the people of these islands, who in the midst of the noonday blaze of the Baconian philosophy, abandon the criteria of ordinary logic, and surrender themselves, unresistingly, to the freaks of the most unbridled imagination, are fast approaching to such a state of hallucination. Now the volume before us, both in its matter and its execution, is well calculated to administer to this infirmity; and it really is curious to remark how closely the credulity of the author has led him, in the composition of his book, to adopt the style and execution of those whose profession it is to clothe quackery in the garb of science.

To begin with the beginning; the 'Art of Procuring Slumber at Will,' which occupies the title-page of the work, forms the subject only of its few latter pages. It is, indeed, a mere corollary from a metaphysical crocheted, and, as a matter of science, is beneath the notice of the merest sciolist in physiology. Some of our readers probably may have received letters from the 'late Mr. Gardner' of this volume, an enthusiast not long since living in Piccadilly, who invited his correspondents to hear and consider the outline and principle of his imputed discovery,—the very identical "art of procuring sleep" adopted and recommended by Dr. Binns. This method (introduced by Mr. Gardner to his visitors with much muddy and irrelevant metaphysics,) was, in truth, but a modification of the well-known practice of fixing the mind on a single thought, till its monotony produces weariness, weariness diminishes susceptibility, and diminished susceptibility suspends consciousness and induces sleep. To give birth to this "magnanimous mouse," the whole bulk of Dr. Binns's volume, excepting some few pages, constitutes the labouring mountain.

That the principle itself is fallacious, we need scarcely say. Every one knows that in perfect health, fatigue is spontaneously followed by sleep, and that persons are only preserved in unwilling watchfulness, when internal irritation or excited passions disturb the functions of the body. Under such circumstances, the power of fixing the mind on one thought is not under the control of the will. The brain, whether thus influenced by functional affections of remote viscera, or stimulated by powerful external causes, is in a true state of orgasm, and repeats its movements under another law than that of normal

volition. As wisely might we direct a patient in sleepless delirium to undertake the process, and in the language of a once celebrated novel, recommend him to "exert your energies, citizen Miss," and go to sleep; nay, even within that narrow range of excitement in which the will is not wholly superseded, the very exercise of its powers must be an additional impediment to sleep. The proposed condition, then, is only attainable, when the brain is already predisposed to slumber, and the whole is a strict parallel for the far-famed bird-catching operation of sprinkling tails with salt.

A serious objection to the publication as a scientific production, is, that it is an entire and perfect *non sequitur*;—that the greater part of the preliminary matter has nothing to do with the practical conclusion; and that the few facts and assumptions which bear upon the process, tend to show that it is inapplicable to the end; the one leading conclusion from the whole being, that sleep is too closely connected with organic causes, to obey the will.

But, were this all, the case would be neither new nor rare; nor would it call for extraordinary censure. It is the abuse of science of which we complain; the morbid craving after the marvellous and the unintelligible; the tendency to unsettle the known laws of evidence, and to impose a passive acquiescence in whatever any one chooses to assert, no matter how far out of the usual course of nature, or (to speak plain truth) how egregiously nonsensical. The greater bulk of the volume, indeed, is filled with wonderful cases of cataleptic seizures, somnambulism, dreams, ecstasies, partial insanities, monomania—of all, in short, that is exceptional or inexplicable in mental phenomena. With a head filled and heated with this sort of reading—albeit occasionally called back by his professional studies to a rational scepticism, which exhales itself in an occasional sentence, "and then is heard no more,"—the author has so far subverted his own powers of judgment, that he scarcely escapes from accepting the most extravagant assertions of the Mesmerists, (if, indeed, he does not credit them), and he scruples not to declare his belief in the genuineness of Lord Shrewsbury's tales of the Estatica and the Addolorata; nay, not contented with adopting these "physiological facts" as instances of "cataleptic ecstasy," he states of himself that Lord Shrewsbury had convinced him that the appearances "are explicable by no law of Nature, and that we are bound to refer them to the direct influence of the great God."

To add to the strangeness of the opinion thus hazarded, it is put forward, notwithstanding a sound inference drawn in another part of the volume against miracles that are worked for inadequate ends, and involve a partial or absurd action of the deity. In another paragraph, too, Dr. Binns talks of the possibility of conceiving some occult cause, cognizable only by its effects, as manifested in these cases; and again he places his miraculous interpositions in a line with the effects of steam, the Daguerreotype, and other intelligible though unlooked-for natural phenomena, which, he says, should make every one pause in reading of the Ecstasies!

With respect to the entire class of these imputed facts, at war, not only with common experience, but with the known economy of nature, moral and physical, the least that can be expected of the believer is, that he should know his own mind; not only that he should have taken note of his own credulity, and satisfied himself as to what he does or does not believe, but also that he should have possessed himself of the critical canons which have led him to his conclusions, and that he should be able to give some rational grounds for the faith that is in him. In the volume before us we can scarcely trace a

single fixed and defined opinion on disputed wonders uncontradicted in another page, a single rule of judgment invoked to direct the author's creed, that is not violated in some other instance. What he thinks, on the whole of any one subject, it is scarcely possible to gather; all that we can collect is, that he has a temperamental aptitude for the marvellous, but that he knows not exactly what to make of it. On this account we deem the volume of mischievous tendency. We think that for the greater part, it is nonsense, clothed in the garb of science; but that the pervading spirit of the book is more misleading than the substance of all the bewildering "facts" which it advances. It is just, however, to add, that the author before us does not stand alone in his logical deficiencies:—there are others of greater medical name (but who are not now before our critical tribunal) who have fallen into equal or greater errors; while the general profession is chargeable, though in a less degree, with the same incapacity to deal correctly with evidence. Every day affords its proof, that professional examinations are tests only of acquisitions, not of capacities; and that an examinee may be a thorough encyclopædia of facts, without possessing powers of judgment to estimate their value, to employ them in inference, or to apply them to practice. What then do we infer? not that examinations should be abandoned, but that some direct efforts should also be made in our educational courses, to discipline and train the mind, and to develop and *educate* the faculties which are essential to our condition as individuals and as members of society,—a discipline which alone will enable us to think for ourselves, or for those whose fortunes, health, or political prosperity are submitted to our care.

American Notes for General Circulation. By Charles Dickens. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THE travelling sketches last week presented to our readers were perhaps less lively than those we are now about to exhibit.

Mr. Dickens describes one of his cross-country journeys as not unlike an ascent to the top of St. Paul's in an omnibus. We must allow him to make good this whimsical assertion, by a sketch on a Virginia road:—

"Soon after nine o'clock we come to Potomac Creek, where we are to land; and then comes the oddest part of the journey. Seven stage-coaches are preparing to carry us on. Some of them are ready, some of them are not ready. Some of the drivers are blacks, some whites. There are four horses to each coach, and all the horses, harnessed, or unharnessed, are there. The passengers are getting out of the steamboat, and into the coaches; the luggage is being transferred in noisy wheelbarrows; the horses are frightened, and impatient to start; the black drivers are chattering to them like so many monkeys; and the white ones whooping like so many drovers: for the main thing to be done in all kinds of hostling here, is to make as much noise as possible. The coaches are something like the French coaches, but not nearly so good. In lieu of springs, they are hung on bands of the strongest leather. There is very little choice or difference between them; and they may be likened to the car portion of the swings at an English fair, roofed, put upon axle-trees and wheels, and curtained with painted canvas. They are covered with mud from the roof to the wheel-tire, and have never been cleaned since they were first built. The tickets we have received on board the steamboat are marked No. 1, so we belong to coach No. 1. I throw my coat on the box, and hoist my wife and her maid into the inside. It has only one step, and that being about a yard from the ground, is usually approached by a chair: when there is no chair, ladies trust in Providence. The coach holds nine inside, having a seat across from door to door, where we in England put our legs; so that there is only one feat more difficult in the per-

formance than getting in, and that is, getting out again. There is only one outside passenger, and he sits upon the box. As I am that one, I climb up; and while they are strapping the luggage on the roof, and heaping it into a kind of tray behind, have a good opportunity of looking at the driver. He is a negro—very black indeed. He is dressed in a coarse pepper-and-salt suit excessively patched and darned (particularly at the knees), grey stockings, enormous unblacked high-low shoes, and very short trousers. He has two old gloves: one of parti-coloured worsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, broken in the middle and bandaged up with string. And yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black hat: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation of an English coachman! But somebody in authority cries 'Go ahead!' as I am making these observations. The mail takes the lead in a four-horse wagon, and all the coaches follow in procession: headed by No. 1. By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry 'All right!' an American cries 'Go ahead!' which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries. The first half mile of the road is over bridges made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them; and is the river. The river has a clayey bottom and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly, and can't be found again for some time. But we get past even this, and come to the road itself, which is a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. A tremendous place is close before us, the black driver rolls his eyes, screws his mouth up very round, and looks straight between the two leaders, as if he were saying to himself, 'we have done this often before, but now I think we shall have a crash.' He takes a rein in each hand; jerks and pulls at both; and dances on the splashboard with both feet (keeping his seat, of course) like the late lamented Ducrow on two of his fiery coursers. We come to the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach windows, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally; the coach stops; the horses flounder; all the other six coaches stop; and their four-and-twenty horses flounder likewise: but merely for company, and in sympathy with ours. Then the following circumstances occur. *Black Driver* (to the horses). 'Hi!'—Nothing happens. Insides scream again. *Black Driver* (to the horses). 'Ho!'—Horses plunge, and splash the black driver. *Gentleman Inside* (looking out). 'Why, what on airth?' Gentleman receives a variety of splashes and draws his head in again, without finishing his question or waiting for an answer. *Black Driver* (still to the horses). 'Jiddy! Jiddy!'—Horses pull violently, drag the coach out of the hole, and draw it up a bank; so steep, that the black driver's legs fly up into the air, and he goes back among the luggage on the roof. But he immediately recovers himself, and cries (still to the horses). 'Pill!'—No effect. On the contrary, the coach begins to roll back upon No. 2, which rolls back upon No. 3, which rolls back upon No. 4, and so on, until No. 7 is heard to curse and swear nearly a quarter of a mile behind. *Black Driver* (louder than before). 'Pill!'—Horses make another struggle to get up the bank, and again the coach rolls backward. *Black Driver* (louder than before). 'Pe-e-e-ill!'—Horses make a desperate struggle. *Black Driver* (recovering spirits). 'Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, Pill!'—Horses make another effort. *Black Driver* (with great vigour). 'Ally Loo! Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo!'—Horses almost do it. *Black Driver* (with his eyes starting out of his head). 'Lee, den. Lee, dere. Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo. Lee-e-e-e-e!' They run up the bank, and go down again on the other side at a fearful pace. It is impossible to stop them, and at the bottom there is a deep hollow, full of water. The coach rolls frightfully. The insides scream. The mud and water fly about us. The black driver dances like a madman. Suddenly we are all right by some extraordinary means, and stop to breathe.—A black friend of the black driver is sitting on a fence. The black driver recognises him by twirling his head round and round like a harlequin, rolling his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, and grinning from ear to ear. He stops short, turns to me, and says:—'We shall get you through sa, like

a fiddle, and hope a please you when we get you through sa. Old 'ooman at home sir.' chuckling very much. 'Outside gentleman sa, he often remember old 'ooman at home sa,' grinning again.—'Aye, aye, we'll take care of the old woman. Don't be afraid.'—The black driver grins again, but there is another hole, and beyond that, another bank, close before us. So he stops short: cries (to the horses again) 'Easy. Easy den. Ease. Steady. Hi. Jiddy. Pill. Ally. Loo,' but never 'Lee!' until we are reduced to the very last extremity, and are in the midst of difficulties, extrication from which appears to be all but impossible.—And so we do the ten miles or thereabouts in two hours and a half; breaking no bones, though bruising a great many; and in short getting through the distance, 'like a fiddle.'"

A travelling companion, picked up on the Harrisburgh mail, is not to be overlooked:—

"The coachmen always change with the horses, and are usually as dirty as the coach. The first was dressed like a very shabby English baker; the second like a Russian peasant: for he wore a loose purple camel robe with a fur collar, tied round his waist with a parti-coloured worsted sash; grey trousers; light blue gloves; and a cap of bearskin. It had by this time come on to rain very heavily, and there was a cold damp mist besides, which penetrated to the skin. I was very glad to take advantage of a stoppage and get down to stretch my legs, shake the water off my great-coat, and swallow the usual anti-temperance recipe for keeping out the cold. When I mounted to my seat again, I observed a new parcel lying on the coach roof, which I took to be a rather large fiddle in a brown bag. In the course of a few miles, however, I discovered that it had a glazed cap at one end and a pair of muddy shoes at the other; and further observation demonstrated it to be a small boy in a snuff-coloured coat, with his arms quite pinioned to his sides by deep forcing into his pockets. He was, I presume, a relative or friend of the coachman's, as he lay a-top of the luggage with his face towards the rain; and except when a change of position brought his shoes in contact with my hat, he appeared to be asleep. At last, on some occasion of our stopping, this thing slowly unpeered itself to the height of three feet six, and fixing its eyes on me, observed in piping accents, with a complacent yawn half quenched in an obliging air of friendly patronage, 'Well now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English artemoon, hey!'"

A Pittsburgh canal-boat proved a vehicle little more luxurious than the "Pill and Jiddy" vehicle, or the Harrisburgh mail. This, however, was in part owing to imperfect notions of accommodation entertained by travelling Americans. "Boz" was put to bed on a book-shelf,—his berth being "just the width of an ordinary sheet of Bath post paper." In the morning he was annoyed by other peculiarities, more primitive than pleasant.

"There was a tin ladle chained to the deck, with which every gentleman who thought it necessary to cleanse himself (some were superior to this weakness), fished the dirty water out of the canal, and poured it into a tin basin, secured in like manner. There was also a jack-towel. And, hanging up before a little looking-glass in the bar, in the immediate vicinity of the bread and cheese and biscuits, were a public comb and hair-brush. At eight o'clock, the shelves being taken down and put away and the tables joined together, everybody sat down to the tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, and sausages, all over again. Some were fond of compounding this variety, and having it all on their plates at once. As each gentleman got through his own personal amount of tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, and sausages, he rose up and walked off. When everybody had done with everything, the fragments were cleared away: and one of the waiters appearing anew in the character of a barber, shaved such of the company as desired to be shaved; while the remainder looked on or yawned over their newspapers. Dinner was breakfast again, without the tea and coffee; and supper and breakfast were identical. There was a man on board this

boat, with a light fresh-coloured face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an embodied inquiry. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned-up nose and chin, at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed pertly off his forehead in a flaxen clump. Every button in his clothes said, 'Eh? What's that? Did you speak? Say that again, will you?' He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic; always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking and never finding. There never was such a curious man. I wore a fur great-coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it, and its price, and where I bought it, and when, and what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost. Then he took notice of my watch, and asked what that cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it or had it given me, and how it went, and where the key-hole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then? Where had I been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that, and had I seen the President, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that? Eh? Lor now! do tell!"

These meals proved but funeral feasts to one of our author's sociable disposition. Mr. Dickens does not complain so loudly as some of his predecessors of the rapidity with which the food of America is dispatched, but the want of mirth at the banquet touched him home; and he lays against his companions the general charge of behaving as if every man's conscience was burdened by some horrible secret. A few humorous figures and dialogues, however, came before him; and here, by the way, we may observe, that no traveller within our remembrance has kept himself so scrupulously clear of personalities or "pencilling" as our author. The originals we find in his pages were casually encountered, and, therefore, fair game. The first was met with on board the canal-boat aforesaid—

"A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey: indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there, of course, it stops; the passengers being conveyed across it by land carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage-boat; one is called The Express, and one (a cheaper one) The Pioneer. The Pioneer gets first to the mountain, and waits for The Express people to come up; both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the Express company; but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases; but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He clef a path among the people on deck (we were nearly all on deck), and without addressing anybody whosoever, soliloquised as follows:—This may suit *you*, this may, but it don't suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters and men of Boston raising, but it won't suit my figure no how; and no two ways about that; and so I tell you. Now! I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on

me, it does shine—a little. It don't glimmer where I live, the sun don't. No. I'm a brown forester, I am. I an't a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We're rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I'm none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, it does. I'm the wrong sort of man for 'em, I am. They won't like me, they won't. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is." At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away, were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board, made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, 'Much obliged to you, sir'; whereunto the brown forester, (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before), replied, 'No you an't. You're none o' my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pintoed out the way. Down Easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an't a Johnny Cake, I an't. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am'—and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services; and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance, 'I an't a Johnny Cake, I an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. I am, damme!' I am inclined to argue from this, that he had never left off saying so."

A new aspect is given to the river scenery of the United States, and with so much graphic power, as to attest the truth of the picture. Here is an evening scene, taken a little short of Cincinnati:—

"Evening slowly steals upon the landscape, and changes it before me, when we stop to set some emigrants ashore. Five men, as many women, and a little girl. All their worldly goods are a bag, a large chest, and an old chair: one old, high-backed, rush-bottomed chair: a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in the boat, while the vessel stands a little off, awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long winding path. It is growing dusk; but the sun is very red, and shines in the water and on some of the tree-tops, like fire. The men get out of the boat first; help out the women; take out the bag, the chest, the chair; bid the rowers 'good bye'; and shove the boat off for them. At the first plash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down, though the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed, as if stricken into stone; and look after the boat. So they remain, quite still and silent: the old woman and her old chair in the centre; the bag and chest upon the shore, without anybody heeding them: all eyes fixed upon the boat. It comes alongside, is made fast, the men jump on board, the engine is put in motion, and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them, through my glass, when, in the distance and increasing darkness, they are mere specks to the eye: lingering there still: the old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her: not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them. The night is dark, and we proceed within the shadow of the wooded bank, which makes it darker. After gliding past the sombre maze of boughs for a long time, we come upon an open space where the tall

trees are burning. The shape of every branch and twig is expressed in a deep red glow, and as the light wind stirs and ruffles it, they seem to vegetate in fire. It is such a sight as we read of in legends of enchanted forests: saving that it is sad to see these noble works wasting away so awfully, alone; and to think how many years must come and go before the magic that created them will rear their like upon this ground again."

The Father of Waters (or Mississippi) will not thank Mr. Dickens for the following striking but repulsive portraiture:—

"But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him! An enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud, six miles an hour: its strong and frothy current choked and obstructed everywhere by huge logs and whole forest trees: now twining themselves together in great rafts, from the interstices of which a sedge lazy foam works up, to float upon the water's top; now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair; now glancing singly by like giant leeches; and now writhing round and round in the vortex of some small whirlpool, like wounded snakes. The banks low, the trees dwarfish, the marshes swarming with frogs, the wretched cabins few and far apart, their inmates hollow-cheeked and pale, the weather very hot, mosquitoes penetrating into every crack and crevice of the boat, mud and slime on everything: nothing pleasant in its aspect, but the harmless lightning which flickers every night upon the dark horizon. For two days we toiled up this foul stream, striking constantly against the floating timber, or stopping to avoid those more dangerous obstacles, the snags, or sawyers, which are the hidden trunks of trees that have their roots below the tide. When the nights are very dark, the look-out, stationed in the head of the boat, knows by the ripple of the water if any great impediment be near at hand, and rings a bell beside him, which is the signal for the engine to be stopped: but always in the night this bell has work to do, and after every ring, there comes a blow which renders it no easy matter to remain in bed. The decline of day here was very gorgeous; tinging the firmament deeply with red and gold, up to the very keystone of the arch above us. As the sun went down behind the bank, the slightest blades of grass upon it seemed to become as distinctly visible as the arteries in the skeleton of a leaf; and when, as it slowly sank, the red and golden bars upon the water grew dimmer, and dimmer yet, as if they were sinking too; and all the glowing colours of departing day paled, inch by inch, before the sombre night; the scene became a thousand times more lonesome and more dreary than before, and all its influences darkened with the sky. We drank the muddy water of this river while we were upon it. It is considered wholesome by the natives, and is something more opaque than gruel. I have seen water like this at the Filter-shops, but nowhere else."

We must refer the reader to the book for portraits of Pitchlynn, the Choctaw chief, and the Kentucky giant, (both subjects for Mistress Jarley). The following is a homelier and commoner figure, but drawn with too much heart to be passed over:—

"There was a little woman on board, with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis, in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house; and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning), for twelve months: having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was: and all day long she wondered whether 'He' would be at the wharf; and whether 'He' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by somebody else, 'He' would know it, meeting it in the street; which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was

such an artless little creature; and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state; and let out all this matter, clinging close about her heart, so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife,) was wondrous sly, I promise you: inquiring, every time we met at table, as in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen, dried-apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lap-dog) old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby, now and then, or laughing with the rest, when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good humour; tied a handkerchief round her head; and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she became in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies! and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones! and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last, there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf, and those were the steps: and the little woman covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin, and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear 'Him' asking for her: but I did not see her do it. Then, a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about, among the other boats, to find a landing-place: and everybody looked for the husband: and nobody saw him: when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow! and in a moment afterwards, there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby as he lay asleep!"

Of course, among the sights of America, the Prairie was not to be neglected; and accordingly Mr. Dickens started from St. Louis in search of the Looking-glass Prairie, thirty miles from that city. The chapter describing this jaunt is one of the pleasantest in the book; and the hotel at Belleville and its inmate the pleasantest page thereof. The hotel had a large dining-room—

"An odd, shambling, low-roofed out-house, half cow-shed and half kitchen, with a coarse brown canvas table-cloth, and tin sconces stuck against the walls, to hold candles at supper-time. The houseman had gone forward to have coffee and some catabies prepared, and they were by this time nearly ready. He had ordered 'wheat-bread and chicken fixings,' in preference to 'corn-bread and common doings.' The latter kind of refection includes only pork and bacon. The former comprehends broiled ham, sausages, veal cutlets, steaks, and such other viands of that nature as may be supposed, by a tolerably well poetical construction, to 'fix' a chicken comfortably in the digestive organs of any lady or gentleman. On one of the door-posts at this inn, was a tin plate, wherein was inscribed in characters of gold 'Doctor Crocus'; and on a sheet of paper, posted up by the side of this plate, was a written announcement that Dr. Crocus would that evening deliver a lecture on Phrenology for the benefit of the Belleville public; at a charge, for admission, of so much a head. Straying up stairs, during the preparation of the chicken-fixings, I happened to pass the Doctor's chamber; and the door stood wide open, and the room was empty, I made bold to peep in. It was a bare, unfurnished, comfortless room, with an unframed por-

trait hanging up at the head of the bed; a likeness, I take it, of the Doctor, for the forehead was fully displayed, and great stress was laid by the artist upon its phrenological developments. The bed itself was covered with an old patchwork counterpane. The room was destitute of carpet or of curtain. There was a damp fire-place without any stove, full of wood ashes; a chair, and a very small table; and on the last-named piece of furniture was displayed, in grand array, the Doctor's library, consisting of some half-dozen greasy old books. Now, it certainly looked about the last apartment on the whole earth out of which any man would be likely to get anything to do him good. But the door, as I have said, stood coarsely open, and plainly said in conjunction with the chair, the portrait, the table, and the books, 'Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Don't be ill, gentlemen, when you may be well in no time. Doctor Crocus is here, gentlemen, the celebrated Doctor Crocus! Dr. Crocus has come all this way to cure you, gentlemen. If you haven't heard of Doctor Crocus, it's your fault, gentlemen, who live a little way out of the world here; not Doctor Crocus's. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in!' In the passage below, when I went down stairs again, was Doctor Crocus himself. A crowd had flocked in from the Court House, and a voice from among them called out to the landlord, 'Colonel! introduce Doctor Crocus.' 'Mr. Dickens,' says the colonel, 'Doctor Crocus.' Upon which Doctor Crocus, who is a tall, fine-looking Scotchman, but rather fierce and warlike in appearance for a professor of the peaceful art of healing, bursts out of the concourse with his right arm extended, and his chest thrown out as far as it will possibly come, and says:—'Your countryman, sir! Whereupon Doctor Crocus and I shake hands; and Doctor Crocus looks as if I didn't by any means realize his expectations, which, in a linen blouse, and a great straw hat with a green ribbon, and no gloves, and my face and nose profusely ornamented with the stings of mosquitoes and the bites of bugs, it is very likely I did not. 'Long in these parts, sir?' says I. 'Three or four months, sir,' says the Doctor. 'Do you think of soon returning to the old country, sir?' says I. Doctor Crocus makes no verbal answer, but gives me an imploring look, which says so plainly, 'Will you ask me that again, a little louder, if you please?' that I repeat the question. 'Think of soon returning to the old country, sir!' repeats the Doctor. 'To the old country, sir,' I rejoin. Doctor Crocus looks round upon the crowd to observe the effect he produces, rubs his hands, and says, in a very loud voice:—'Not yet awhile, sir, not yet. You won't catch me at that just yet, sir. I am a little too fond of freedom for that, sir. Ha ha! It's not so easy for a man to tear himself from a free country such as this is, sir. Ha ha! No no! Ha ha! None of that, till one's obliged to do it, sir. No, no!' As Dr. Crocus says these latter words, he shakes his head, knowingly, and laughs again. Many of the by-standers shake their heads in concert with the Doctor, and laugh too, and look at each other as much as to say, 'A pretty bright and first-rate sort of chap is Crocus!' and unless I am very much mistaken, a good many people went to the lecture that night, who never thought about phrenology, or about Dr. Crocus either, in all their lives before."

But perhaps the most popular passage will be the following dialogue, reported as having taken place on the road to Columbus. It is well nigh as simple in its materials as Rousseau's far-famed melody on three notes; and yet, for the felicity of its effect, well deserves to be included in the appendix to any new edition of 'The Art of Conversation.'

"The time is one o'clock at noon. The scene, a place where we are to stay to dine, on this journey. The coach drives up to the door of an inn. The day is warm, and there are several idlers lingering about the tavern, and waiting for the public dinner. Among them is a stout gentleman in a brown hat, swinging himself to and fro in a rocking-chair on the pavement. As the coach stops, a gentleman in a straw hat looks out of the window.—*Straw Hat.* (To the stout gentleman in the rocking-chair.) I reckon that's Judge Jefferson, a'n't it?—*Brown Hat.* (Still swinging; speaking very slowly; and without any emotion whatever.) Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat.* Warm

weather, Judge.—*Brown Hat.* Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat.* There was a snap of cold, last week.—*Brown Hat.* Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat.* Yes, sir.—A pause. They look at each other very seriously.—*Straw Hat.* I calculate you'll have got through that case of the corporation judge, by this time, now?—*Brown Hat.* Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat.* How did the verdict go, sir?—*Brown Hat.* For the defendant, sir.—*Straw Hat.* (Interrogatively.) Yes, sir?—*Brown Hat.* (Affirmatively.) Yes, sir.—*Both.* (Musingly, as each gazes down the street.) Yes, sir.—Another pause. They look at each other again, still more seriously than before.—*Brown Hat.* This coach is rather behind its time to-day, I guess.—*Straw Hat.* (Doubtingly.) Yes, sir.—*Brown Hat.* (Looking at his watch.) Yes, sir; nigh upon two hours.—*Straw Hat.* (Raising his eyebrows in very great surprise.) Yes, sir!—*Brown Hat.* (Decisively, as he puts up his watch.) Yes, sir.—*All the other Inside Passengers* (among themselves.) Yes, sir.—*Coachman* (in a very surly tone.) No it a'n't.—*Straw Hat* (to the coachman.) Well, I don't know, sir. We were a pretty tall time coming that last fifteen mile. That's a fact.—The coachman, making no reply, and plainly declining to enter into any controversy on a subject so far removed from his sympathies and feelings, another passenger says 'Yes, sir;' and the gentleman in the straw hat in acknowledgement of his courtesy, says 'Yes, sir,' to him in return. The straw hat then inquires of the brown hat, whether that coach in which he (the straw hat) then sits, is not a new one? To which the brown hat again makes answer, 'Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat.* I thought so. Pretty loud smell of varnish, sir?—*Brown Hat.* Yes, sir.—*All the other inside Passengers.* Yes, sir.—*Brown Hat* (to the company in general.) Yes, sir.—The conversational powers of the company having been by this time pretty heavily taxed, the straw hat opens the door and gets out; and all the rest alight also."

We are now on the way to Niagara; but shall not pause there. Vivid and overpowering as must be the impressions of that stupendous scene, and honest as Mr. Dickens doubtless is in reporting them, the result is more like "fine writing" than any other portion of the tour. It is now high time that we should hand the book over to the reader: there remains untouched, for his amusement, a run through Canada—a peep at the Shakers of Lebanon, not including their worship, which is no longer exhibited to curious travellers—a chapter on Slavery, powerfully written, and weighted with illustrations derived *verbatim* from the American newspapers; and general remarks on society and opinion, with an indignant protest against the personalities of the American press. The last, we opine, will be more offensive to our Transatlantic cousins, than any previous charge brought against their institutions or social habits, by traveller gentle or simple.

The Marvellous History of the good knight Saint Palisse.—[*Chansons Populaires de la France*: Livraison 25]. Paris, Delloye.

FRENCH critics claim for their countrymen the invention of that species of comic ballad, the humour of which consists in stating the tritest truisms with an air of dignity and importance. The legend of St. Palisse is their most celebrated production of the kind: it has been imitated in most of the languages of Europe. Goldsmith, in his *Elegies* on Madame Blaise and the Mad Dog, has literally translated several stanzas; Dandels, in spite of his Dutch heaviness, has published many pleasing variations of the theme; and, in France itself, "a tail" of additional stanzas has been appended to the original legend, until it has nearly swelled to the length of an epic poem. Ludicrous and apparently trifling as the composition is, it is not destitute either of literary or historical importance; but in order to discuss the questions with which it is connected, we must separate the later additions from the original legend, and we shall, therefore, begin

by giving a version of the ballad from the edition of 1692.

Come listen, Gentles, to the tale
Of famous Saint Palisse,
Which to delight you will not fail,
If it should chance to please.

Although his fortune was not great,
Yet you may understand,
He might have own'd a fair estate
But that he had no land.

E'en from his youth polite, well-bred,
Unlike a rustic brat,
He stood with an uncover'd head
Till he put on his hat.

More mild and gentle still he grew,
In temper like his sire,
Who ne'er into a passion flew
Save when he was in ire.

He studied those logicians fine
Who teach us how to think,
And, to find out the taste of wine,
Believ'd it right to drink.

Though fond of wine, we must confess,
Brandy he drank inog;
And when the water was the less,
The stronger was the grog.

He married, as the legends sing,
A very handsome wife,
But only for the wedding ring
Had led a single life.

She was a good and virtuous dame,
Faithful to marriage vows,
And when her husband he became,
She found herself his spouse.

When she assum'd a merry mien,
He joyful look'd and glad,
For sorrowful he ne'er was seen,
Except when he was sad.

Their union lasted full eight years
And some odd months I wene,
And they had got eight pretty dears—
That's just half of sixteen.

He lov'd his wife, but, in a whim,
He courted many more,
And lovely ladies follow'd him
Whene'er he walk'd before.

His charms, which acted like a spell,
So very brilliant shone,
He would have had no parallel
If in this world alone.

No tongue his talents could rehearse,
For you may well suppose,
Whene'er he deign'd to write in verse
He did not write in prose.

To all his genius made him dear,—
I'll wager any thing,
He would have been a titled peer,
If it had pleas'd the king.

When to enjoy his country sent
From Paris he went down,
It would have been a wondrous feat
To find him in the town.

He travell'd many a land and clime;—
When he was in Vendome,
You'd find it a sad waste of time
To look for him in Rome.

He sometimes rode, he sometimes sail'd,
From care and sorrow free;
To quit the land he never fail'd
Whene'er he went to sea.

In tournaments, before the king,
He made a gallant fight;
And those who saw him in the ring
Were not depriv'd of sight.

Though famous in these gallant shows,
And fit to win the crown,
He never humbled any foes
But those whom he knock'd down.

At length a sabre clove his head,
He tumbled on the ground,
And when 'twas known that he was dead,
His wound was mortal found.

The soldiers mourn'd his sudden death
In such a fatal strife,
And he gave up with his last breath
The last remains of life.

On Friday the event arriv'd,
Which we must all deplore,—
Had he till Saturday surviv'd,
He had liv'd one day more.

To those who mourning heard his knell,
These words of hope were given—
"If our good friend is not in hell,
He's surely gone to heaven!"

The French, who seem as if they could never have too much of a good thing, have added more than twice as many stanzas to the modern editions of this legend. The ballad has nearly shared the fate of our old Cavalier satire, which was dragged down to oblivion by the weight of its tail. It is

equally difficult to find the author of the English satire and the French chanson; stanzas of different ages and dates are mingled in each. Thus, after the commemoration of Oliver Cromwell,—

A brewer we know may bully and hector,
And raise himself up to be state director,
And the brewer at last may become Lord Protector,
Which nobody can deny;

we find, as a continuation, a tale of scandal, which occurred at Kidderminster in the reign of Queen Anne, and afforded much amusement to the wits of that age.

A puritan preacher to please himself may
In secret be jovial, and merry, and gay,
And toy with fair dames in an innocent way,
Which nobody can deny.

Similar additions, involving equal anachronisms, have been made to the history of Saint Palisse. One may serve as a specimen. Immediately after the description of his prowess at the tournament, we find a miserable stanza on a modern duel:—

He fought a duel once, 'tis said,
Of which no man was prouder,
His pistols could not drive the lead,
For he forgot the powder.

It is not uninteresting to investigate the real history of a hero who has been destined to so large and unenviable a share of jingling immortality. Jacques de la Chabannes, Lord of Palice or Palisse, for the orthography is doubtful, was one of the great captains who accompanied Francis I. across the Alps, and gained distinction in the wars of Lombardy. Brantome informs us that he strenuously advised his sovereign to raise the siege of Pavia, and avoid the battle which terminated so fatally for the French. Saint Palisse continued to make resistance after the king had been taken prisoner; he rushed with a few gallant followers into the centre of a Spanish battalion, but, his horse being killed under him, he was forced to surrender to a captain named Castaldo. Another Spaniard, conjecturing from the rich armour and noble bearing of La Palisse, that he was a prisoner of rank, claimed the captive, in expectation of a large ransom. A fierce altercation ensued, but at length Castaldo exclaimed, "he shall belong neither to you nor to me," and levelling his pistol he shot the captive dead on the spot.

Several popular elegies were made on the battle of Pavia, which produced as mournful an effect in France as that of Flodden in Scotland; and in all of them we find lamentations for the death of La Palisse. In one of the oldest we find—

By wretched traitors was our land deceiv'd,
Who of their prowess made a mighty boast,
Their vows and oaths our gallant king believ'd,
But they were foremost to desert the host.

But La Palisse and Latrimouille remain'd
Undaunted heroes, never known to yield;
To the last hour their honour they sustain'd;
With wounds in front they press'd the bloody field.

Another popular eulogy, which yet was suggestive of the parody, declares—

The brave Palisse fought well
In Pavia's cruel strife;
The hour before he fell
Was none more full of life.

M. Le Roux de Lincy ascribes the origin of the parody to a different ballad, of which only one stanza has been preserved:—

Alas! alas! Palisse is slain,
In Pavia's fatal field;
But for his death, he might remain,
His native land to shield.

The examples of a parody superseding and surviving the original poems are not rare. Our burden 'Derry down' is believed to have been a religious chorus of the Druids,—'All my eye and Betty Martin,' to be taken from the Latin hymn, 'O Beate Martini,'—and the 'Groves of Blarney' passes as an original song, though really a parody on the ballad of Castle Hyde. A curious illustration of this may be found in Horace Walpole's letters. In an old col-

lection of epitaphs from country churchyards, there occurs the following specimen of rustic simplicity:—

Here lies Ned,
Alas! alas! he's dead;
Had it been his mother,
His sister, or his brother,
'Twould be better than the other,
For it was by Ned
The family was fed.

Walpole gives a Jacobite epitaph on the death of Frederic, Prince of Wales (father of George III.), which was probably suggested by the rough lines of the rustic bard:—

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I'd have much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Much better than the other;
Had it been his sister,
Nobody would have mis'd her;
But since it is only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

The style adopted in the ballad is not peculiar to the French; the scholiast on Aristophanes, after giving several examples of the figure Oxymoron, that is, sharp meanings conveyed in apparent contradictions, such as "foolish wisdom, profitless advantage, visible darkness," &c., notices a contrary system of phrases which lead readers to expect some sharp point or wise maxim; he quotes—

The warrior will preserve his shield,
Who stays with it at home;

the loss of the shield having been considered the greatest military disgrace among the ancients. Ludovicus Vives, in his 'Treatise on the Abuse of Learning,' mentions an instance of a jest of this kind, not exactly fit to quote, being mistaken for earnest, and having in consequence received the honour of a serious refutation from a ponderous critic. The ballad of Saint Palisse has, however, enjoyed more extensive popularity than any other of a similar kind, and this is a sufficient reason for introducing it to the notice of our readers.

The Rioters, by Harriet Martineau. 2nd edit.

THIS is a republication of one of those numberless tales written by Miss Martineau, with the direct purpose of informing the working classes; and it has, no doubt, been re-issued at this moment, with reference to the late outbreak in the manufacturing districts. Though not one of the best of the series, it has the characteristics of all—earnestness, and an affectionate spirit. With this brief notice we should have dismissed the subject, but that a correspondence has lately crept out, from which we learn that a pension of 150*l.* a-year was offered to Miss Martineau, first by Lord Grey's, and then by Lord Melbourne's government, and respectfully declined; and we cannot but think that, for the honour of all parties, the facts ought to be put on record in a literary paper. We cannot admit the conclusive force of Miss Martineau's reasoning, but have perfect faith in the simplicity and integrity of her character, and in the conscientious scruples which have influenced her judgment; and we heartily wish that some influential persons would forthwith open a subscription for the purchase of an annuity of equal amount, to which, as a voluntary testimony of respect, she, perhaps, would not, and certainly, on her own showing, ought not to object.

Dear Madam.—Lord Melbourne having heard of your present illness, as well as the inconvenience to which you are subjected, by the mode in which your money is settled, has desired me, as a friend of yours, to inquire whether you would accept a pension of 150*l.* per annum on the civil list. It is out of his power to offer you more in the present state of things, but I hope you will not refuse him the opportunity of giving this proof of his respect for your writings and character, inadequate as the amount proposed may be. If you will accept the offer, have the goodness to write me word to that effect, and let me have the answer by return of post, as Lord Melbourne is desirous of completing the arrangement before he goes out of office.

I cannot tell you how grieved I have been by recent accounts of your sufferings, and how rejoiced I shall be if the offer which I have the pleasure of communicating to you shall have the effect of contributing in any degree to your comfort.—Believe me, my dear Miss Martineau,
Yours, &c., CHARLES BULLER.

Tynemouth, Aug. 21, 1841.

Dear Mr. Buller,—I am far from wishing to trouble Lord Melbourne or you with my views on literary pensions; but, the great consideration and kindness shown in Lord Melbourne's remembrance of me at this untoward time require from me something more than the very abrupt reply I was compelled to send by Friday morning's post. I should like Lord Melbourne to understand that my decision is no hasty one; that it rests on no passing feeling or prejudice, but on a real opinion that I should be doing wrong in accepting a pension.

My opinion has been held through some changes of persons as the proposed givers, and through some vicissitudes in the circumstances of myself as the proposed receiver of such pensions.

The first mention of a provision of this kind was made to me in November 1832, when I was informed that I was to have a pension of the amount now specified on the conclusion of my work on the poor laws. I should, doubtless, then have taken it, if it had been actually offered. On reflection, still a wish that the thing should be done, I wrote to Lord Durham (then in Russia) to request that nothing more should be said about it, as I could not conscientiously accept a pension from this source.

I have since had occasion to make the same reply to two inquiries from different quarters, whether I would agree to such an arrangement or my benefit.

Lord Melbourne will not, I think, wonder at my feeling of repugnance to touch the proceeds (except as salary for public service) of a system of taxation so unjust as I have in print, so long and at large, declared it my opinion that ours is. It matters not how generously the gift may be intended; how considerably it may be bestowed; how specifically it is designed to benefit such a case as mine. These considerations affect, most agreeably, my personal feelings towards those who would aid me; but they cannot reconcile me to live upon money (not salary) levied arbitrarily upon those, among others, whom I have made it my business to befriended, however humbly—the working classes. Such services as I may have rendered to them are unconsciously received by them; but I cannot accept reward at any expense to them. If this provision be not designed as recompense, but as aid, as a pure gift, I cannot take it; for they who provide the means have no voice in the appropriation of it to me personally.

About the principles of taxation, a surprising agreement has grown up on our side of late. Whenever we obtain a just system of taxation, the time may perhaps follow when, among other minor considerations, some plan may be discovered by which the people's representatives may exercise the power of encouraging and rewarding merit and services working through the press, and even then the most scrupulous, with no better view of their own claims than I have, may be happy to receive, in their time of need, aid from the public purse. Meanwhile I seriously and truly feel that I had rather, if need were (to put an extreme case), receive aid from the parish, and in the workhouse, where I could clearly read my claim, than in the very agreeable manner proposed, where I can see no excuse for my own indulgence. If it be true, that in the case of gifts we do not nicely measure the grounds of claim; surely there is an exception in the one case of gifts from the public purse.

Some of my friends would persuade me, that my great losses, from the defective protection afforded to literary property in this country, entitle me to compensation, in whatever form I can obtain it. But I see the matter differently. Taking compensation from those who have not injured me, leaving inequitable profits in the hands of those who have, seems to me only making a bad matter worse. But this pension is offered with another view than this. It is offered in remedy of a case, such as the fund is expressly provided to meet. Be it so; but while I know that the members of a Government are (as they ought to be) otherwise employed than in looking into the retrenchments of suffering, to discover for themselves what poverty and sickness it is most just to aid from the public purse; while I know that such gifts, from the hands of the most discriminating and the most kind of Ministers, are to be set of chances, as to their gradations of justice, I should be far ever mistrusting my own happy chance.

On the one hand I should see public benefactors, before whom I am nothing, pining in privation, from which my pension would relieve them; and, on the other, I should be taunted by images of thousands of poor tax-payers, telling me, who cannot, with all their toil, keep their children in health of body, to say nothing of their minds. "Mighty visions about a small matter," you may, perhaps, think; but small or great, the moment I had acted upon it, this matter would become no less than all-important to my peace of mind. Indeed, I would rather, in the present circumstances of the country, put my hand into the fire than into the public purse.

Let me assure you, that I do not need this pension, as my friends suppose. They know my means well enough, but they overrate my wants. This very sum, which you speak of apologetically, would quite meet my wants, as I live here. I have no permanent uneasiness about income. If I should ever be well enough to work again (from which I am now at last driven), I trust I shall find, as hitherto, that my head and my hands will keep my life. If my enforced idleness should continue very long, I hope to keep my expenditure within my actual means.

I beg to assure Lord Melbourne, that my feelings of respectful gratitude to him are exactly the same as if I could have accepted the proposed gift. My refusal arises from causes which are out of my own control. Of the comfort I should have derived from this annual income, no one can be so sensible as myself. I consider myself his debtor for what it should have been.

My friends are too anxious about my "state of suffering." There is little enough of good prospect about the case; but, by excellent medical management, the suffering is reduced to something very inconsiderable. The repose of such retreat is delightful.—Believe me, very truly yours, H. MARTINEAU.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Richard Savage, a Romance of Real Life, by Charles Whitehead, 3 vols. — Unpleasant subjects are not less destructive of a writer's chances of popularity, than that mode of treatment which concerns itself only with the mean or repulsive aspects of humanity. The clever author of 'Richard Savage' would do well to lay our remark to heart. There was force and talent enough in his 'Jack Ketch' to set up half-a-dozen novelists; but the story was one of naked want, crime, and chentery; and where is it now? Thus, again, 'Richard Savage' contains conceptions of character and pages of dialogue beyond the reach of the common-place observer of human nature, or the common-place reporter of conversation; and yet the work is so disagreeable, that few will have patience enough to read it, still fewer to give it credit for the talent which it contains, rather than exhibits. It is true that Mr. Whitehead professedly ranges himself on Dr. Johnson's side, and in making the erratic genius his hero, ostensibly claims the reader's sympathy for the sufferings of a proud and fiery spirit, abandoned to strong temptations and hard trials; and yet these imaginary confessions of 'Richard Savage' exhibit so much of what is bitter, morbid, and ungenerous, that the book must be closed with a sigh by the most charitable; and with a frown, by those unfashionable persons who hold that while the sorrows of Genius have been emphatically dwelt on, its responsibilities have been too hastily slurred over. According to his own showing in this novel, poor Savage possessed no one virtue save animal courage, unless we are to count as such that indomitable pride, which is ever on the watch to assert its own pretensions, and to suspect insult where it has submitted to obligation. In point of morality, such a picture would be dangerous, were it seductive; but the author confines himself to the evoking of dark thoughts and painful contemplations, and the reader soon becomes weary of these. Let us hope to meet with a subject of healthier interest, and with more cheerful views of life, in Mr. Whitehead's future tales. He will find any effort made to discover the former, and work out the latter, well repaid by an increase of public sympathy.

Work and Wages, a Tale, by Mary Howitt. — In this story of "life in service" Mary Howitt is herself again; with womanly gentleness and close experience of life, enlisting our kind feelings in behalf of those to whom we owe so much of our home comfort, and from whom—strange paradox!—we are kept more distant than from almost any other class of our fellow creatures. Let no one turn from this tale because its scene is the kitchen, the garret, the area; or accuse the authoress of a love for low life, because, in writing of servitude, she makes full use of all its accompaniments, by way of giving reality to her picture. Did the story contain nothing besides the picture of the Methodist preacher's family, it would deserve high respect from those who love artistic truth and finish, as well as pure and generous morality.

Odes and Sonnets, with other Poems, by the Rev. C. Lesingham Smith, M.A., &c. — The author of this neat little volume avows, with great candour, in his preface, that, while he is well disposed to adopt the views of that portion of his critics who shall discover the merits of his muse, it is his intention to treat with considerable disrespect that anticipated division of the same body who may stumble upon his faults. Warned by this announcement, we have been anxious to find some form in which the little we have seen of his poetical labours might take the character of praise,—and have been gratified to discover, in his text, the means of reconciling, as we think, the discharge of our critical conscience with the not (we hope) unbecoming desire to stand on the sunny side of the author's opinion. It should, we believe, be satisfactory to a moderate ambition, such as this writer states his to be, to know that his verse has awakened any of those emotions attributed to the poetry of Lord Byron—an acknowledged master of the sympathies. Now, in a sonnet bestowed upon the noble bard by his rival before us, the latter affirms, that Byron so managed his lyre as to make men desire

To hear no more the music of its strings;—and we can conscientiously declare, that we have been similarly impressed by the verse of the Rev. Mr. Smith—in a degree, too, far beyond what we remember ever to have felt in perusing the works of the

noble poet. This feeling we will do Mr. Smith the justice to endeavour to extend to our readers; and the following poem, though a very short one, will, we think, be sufficiently long for the purpose.—

Written in a Book of Travels, presented to Viscountess Maynard.

I roam'd o'er flood and fell,
Through city and plain,
And in this little book I tell
The tale again:

Take it from him who trusts to be thy friend,
Not for life only, but when life shall end.

The above exhibits the Rev. Mr. Smith in his higher mood:—perhaps the reader may wish to compare his playful vein against that of the author of Beppo.—

To a Roast Pig.

Oh, pig! or rather, little pork, once pig,
Smoking so daintily upon the table,
Making each gazer long that he were able
To eat thee, every limb, both small and big;
No more in squeaking flight, or grunting jig,
Thou runn'st about the straw-yard, sty or stable;
Nor bump'st thy little side against the gable;
Nor cock'st thy snout, a judge without a wig!
All other vinds which I ever saw,
Serv'd up in silver, crock'ry-ware, or tin,
Whether boil'd, roasted, bak'd, stew'd, fried, or raw,
Compar'd with thee, are worthless as a pin!
Sweet delicate meat! crackling without a flaw!
What, ho! a knife and fork! I must begin.

Dora Melder, a Tale of Abasco, by Meta Sander, edited by the Rev. C. B. Taylor. — The earnestness of purpose which gave the stories of our Richardsons and Burneys half their charm, and which has all but disappeared from our fictitious literature, still animates the novels of Germany, and gives a life and a fascination to this brief story. Mr. Taylor recommends it for its orthodoxy,—we, for the reality of its pictures. The portraiture of the Melder household speaks for itself; we are sure that the resemblance is as accurate as if Gerard Douw or Mieris had painted it. The close of the autobiography, too, is to our taste. We have been too largely dosed with preternatural good luck or appalling misery on such occasions, not to be thankful when the fictitious passage of life is permitted to conclude—as do most real passages of life—neither exactly as we hoped nor precisely as we feared.

We have before us three tracts by one anonymous author, namely, *Six Lectures on Arithmetic*; *An Exposition of the Nature, &c. of Gravitation*; (!) and *A New Analogy for the Distances of the Planets from the Sun*.—The author is essentially a Newmante: he says he has published a new introduction to Mathematics, a new treatise on Mechanics, &c. The *Six Lectures on Arithmetic* are sensible in everything but the history. Pythagoras did not invent, as far as is known, the figures we now use. As to the explanation of gravitation, we must beg our mathematical readers to keep their countenances while we explain to them, that "the *vis* or affection of gravitation proceeds from the sun's whole hemisphere to the planets, as a cone diminishing towards the planets, and terminating in points or vertices a little beyond them." These theories, however, we are told, "ought not to be admitted without due investigation lest they should prove to be a check, instead of a furtherance to science." To this last we cordially agree, and we add, that neither ought they to be published without due investigation, supported by a little old mathematics. In the *New Analogy*, &c., the author shows us that he is not mathematician enough for these subjects. He has actually discovered, that the velocities of the planets are inversely as the cube roots of their times, and inversely as the square roots of their mean distances. These things are not often put down in books, because they are of no use; but a young Cambridge man, at the end of his second year, would not be well augured of, as to his prospect of a decent degree, if he did not discover and demonstrate both in three minutes, when asked,

Pounds, Shillings, and Pence, by T. Martin. — A system of abbreviated rules for arithmetical operations. Some of them are good, and not much known—many are not better than those in common use. The worst of large numbers of abbreviations is, that they are speedily forgotten, unless always in use; and also that to learn a book full for the sake of a few will never pay. Every trade, from the banker to the butcher, has its own short modes of proceeding: if any one could collect these under heads, he would do good service; but they must be under heads.

List of New Books.—Peter Parley's Annual, for 1843, square 16mo. 5s. cl.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-Book for 1843, 6s. 6d. roan.—Whewell on German Churches, new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—The Child's own Annual for 1843, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Friendship's Offering for 1843, edited by Leitch Ritchie, 12mo. 12s. bd.—The Forget-Me-Not for 1843, 12mo. 12s. bd.—Selections from the Early Ballad Poetry of England and Ireland, edited by R. J. King, 12mo. 6s. cl.—A Popular History of British India, China, &c., by Dr. W. C. Taylor, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Self-Devotion, or the History of Katharine Randolph, by the Author of 'The Only Daughter,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Thomas Babington Macaulay, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—A Scripture Herbal, by Maria Calcott, square crown 8vo. 25s. cl.—Heath's Book of Beauty, edited by Lady Blessington, royal 8vo. 21s. silk.—Heath's Keepsake, edited by Lady Blessington, royal 8vo. 21s. silk.—Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1843, 'The American in Paris,' by M. Jules Janin, royal 8vo. 21s. cl. gilt.—Milford Malvoisin, by Paget, new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, 1843, royal 4to. 21s. bd.—Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book, 1843, 8vo. 6s. bd.—Recreations of Christopher North, Vol. III., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Blackwood's Standard Novels, Vol. X., 'Reginald Dalton,' 12mo. 6s. cl.—The Church of Our Saviour, or Early History of Christianity, by T. Bowring, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Carpenter's (Rev.) Family Prayers, with Scripture References, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Holy Duty of Man, new edit. with Preface, by Rev. W. B. Hawkins, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Life of the Rev. Isaac Milnes, 2s. 6d. cl.—Heaven's Help to Catechising, new edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.

SONNET

On Mr. Haydon's Portrait of Mr. Wordsworth.
BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Wordsworth upon Helvellyn!—Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thoughts of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,—
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest,
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the yet higher heavens! A vision free
And noble, Haydon, hath thine art recast—
No portrait this with Academic air!
This is the poet and his poetry.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Larnaca, Cyprus, 25th July, 1842.

We have certainly had the sort of you in the summer season, and now we are, I hope, at the highest temperature, the thermometer being 85° and 90° in the shade. I returned yesterday from a fortnight's journey to the north of the Island, having reached as far as the farthest point, Cape St. Andrea. One Englishman accompanied me, the only countryman I have here, and the party amounted to six—ourselves, my dragoman, and three servants, three horses and three mules, all except our own well loaded, as in such excursions we have to take everything, including beds and casseroles. We left Larnaca in the evening, and proceeded to a distance of about eight miles, and slept at the house of the brother-in-law of Vondiziano: we took our guns with us, and found game in abundance—some places literally swarming with birds; and as the peasants do not shoot flying, the game increases very considerably. The second day we reached Varoscin, the village outside of Famagousta, where we slept at a Greek priest's, who, like all the people I have met with, was very hospitable; but his house was very dirty. When he was asked why he did not put it in order, he said that if he were to do so, he would be overrun by the Turks and Greeks, who think nothing of quartering themselves upon any one, with all their retinue and animals, for any length of time they please, the people not daring even to remonstrate. We went over Famagousta, which is a heap of ruins, but the walls of the town remain, and one or two of the gates;—those into the town were originally only two, one being the entrance from the harbour, and the other from the land side. Two hours from Famagousta we made our third halt, at the house of our English agent, where we remained 2½ days. From his residence we visited the ruins of Salamis, which are a complete heap of stones, scarcely one lying on the other. It was situated to the north of Famagousta about a mile, and must have been a very considerable city. The water was brought from the hills, sixteen miles distant; and some of the arches of the aqueduct still remain. The monastery of St. Barnabas is half a mile distant from the agent's village. Here the Gospel of St. Luke, as is said, was discovered.

Near the monastery is a well of *aqua mirabilis*, where the peasants come and bathe, and which water has the power of curing all cutaneous affections. The peasants leave their clothes behind them as an offering, and you may imagine the quantity of old rags that lie in the vault, quite enough to produce a plague, if the place were inhabited. From the agent's we started at 3 A.M., a beautifully fresh morning, and at 3 P.M. arrived in St. Teodoro, at the country house of a gentleman whom I had known at Larnaca; my horse, having been at work the whole time since our setting out in the morning, came to his journey's end as fresh as if he had just left the stable. I made the others all bivouac under a tree. We remained at St. Teodoro three days. We then passed through a much finer and more wooded country, with villages and cleared tracts interspersed, to the mountains of Carpasso; at length arriving in a village on the top of some high-land, at the house of an Ionian, whose daughter (very ugly) was in the garden. When we presented ourselves, my dragoman first spoke to her, and he being dressed like a Turk, with a white turban, could only obtain as an answer, "I am sick, and cannot attend to you." But as soon as she heard who I was, the case was altered, and all—father, mother, daughters, sons, sons-in-law, and grand-children—tried how they could make themselves most useful. The father is well to do for a peasant in Turkey; and my visit to his house had the effect of relieving him from some exactions, to which he had been subjected. The name of this place is Riso Carpasso, about fifteen miles from the Cape St. Andrea, and is situated on the north side of the tongue of land opposite to Caramania, the mountains of which are plainly discernible from thence. While here, we made some excursions, one to the Cape through almost an entire forest, very mountainous, with a tract of fertile arable land, between two ridges of hills, at a distance of ten or twelve miles from the village, which is the last in the island. The people go there to sow their corn, &c., and again in the autumn, to reap and tread out the grain, taking all their family and effects with them. They preserve their corn in wells or holes dug in the ground, in which they burn a fire for three or four days, thus perfectly drying the earth; and in this manner the grain may be kept for several years, the well being merely covered with a flat stone, and cemented over with mud. I inquired if they were not in danger of being robbed, but they said, No, it never happened, as they were all known to one another. Near to the extreme point is an uninhabited monastery, having under the church a spring of beautiful running water, the greatest luxury a traveller can meet with. In this forest are numbers of wild oxen, descendants of some which had been brought to the church as offerings, and then let loose—asses, pigs, and an immense quantity of game, but difficult to get at, in consequence of the thickness of the trees. On our return home we took a somewhat different road, passing in our way an immense number of churches in ruins, and very many villages or towns. At one place, in a plain, I noticed some eagles, and rode up to see what they were about, when I perceived the carcass of a camel that had lately died, and around it were seventy vultures and eagles. I counted them, and can therefore speak positively as to their number.

After we left Famagousta, we got no fruit nor vegetables whatever, except what we took with us. It seemed to me most remarkable, that in not one of the villages did the people appear to have any notion of making a vegetable or fruit garden, except near to Larnaca and Nicosia. Still here we have melons and pastiechi or water-melons, eight parias the oke, about one halfpenny for three pounds, rather cheaper than you get them in London. One crop of figs is past, and another is expected in a few days with the grapes. It has astonished many of the people here how I could undertake a journey during the hottest season of the year. I am quite certain that I suffered less from the heat than they would have done; and am, on the whole, the better for it, although my hands are like crusts of bread, and my chest somewhat tender, the front of my shirt being too thin to keep out a Cypriote sun. I did not adopt the plan pursued by the peasants, of sleeping on the house-top, but always preferred a corridor to a room: the servants, &c. slept where they could, mostly on the

ground on their mats, and one night we were disturbed by one of them being frightened in his sleep. His fright was occasioned by a litter of pigs running over him. Another night all the dogs of the village came foraging about our bags and baskets—however, we enjoyed the whole affair very much.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We regret to learn, from the journals, the death of Lieut. J. R. Wellsted, I.N., at the early age of thirty-seven. Attached to the Surveying Expedition in the Red Sea, he volunteered to explore the Island of Socotra, a laborious undertaking, which he executed in a very satisfactory manner. He subsequently made a tour in the interior of Oman, passing over the ground whereon our Anglo-Indian troops were defeated in 1808. His account of this part of Arabia is highly interesting, and confirms that of Ibn Batutah, who, as far as regards the topography, is more complete. The excessive heat of the climate in this journey, and the excitement arising from novelty of position, afflicted the young traveller with fever and with delirium, from the effects of which he never thoroughly recovered. Hence the eccentricity of Lieut. Wellsted, the origin of which was not generally understood. Previous to his travels in Arabia and the Red Sea, he had discharged the duties of secretary to Sir C. Malcolm, Governor of Bombay, in an able and effective manner.

Among the signs of improvement, which must tell favourably on the progress of Art in England, not the least gratifying is the appointment of Professors of Architecture in our Colleges. The council of University College, London, have done well in electing Mr. Donaldson to this lectureship; and the reasonableness of the measure was proved on Monday week, when his introductory discourse attracted a full audience.

A public dinner has been given at Edinburgh to David Roberts, R.A., to welcome him on his return from Syria. About ninety gentlemen were present; amongst whom were Lord Cockburn (in the chair), Sir William Allan, Sir Henry Bishop, the Lord Provost, Sir John Robison, and Professor Wilson.

The *Manchester Guardian* mentions that application was lately made to Sir Robert Peel in favour of a local poet of some celebrity, Mr. Prince, author of 'Hours with the Muses,' in the hope of obtaining for him employment as a librarian, or in some similar capacity; to which Sir Robert kindly replied as follows.

Whitehall, October 15.
Sir,—I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and of the volume which accompanied it. It does not occur to me that I have the means of procuring for Mr. Prince any situation of the description to which you refer. I transmit to you, from a fund which I am at liberty to apply to such a purpose, the sum of fifty pounds, and request you to apply it in such a manner as may be most for the interest of Mr. Prince. I am, Sir, &c.,
ROBERT PEEL.

The statue to the memory of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, by Baily, was last week put up in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the monument to Earl St. Vincent.—And we learn, from the *Aberdeen Journal*, that Mr. Campbell, the sculptor, has arrived in that city, to give the finishing touches to the statue of the late Duke of Gordon. According to the account in that paper, the statue is of Aberdeen granite, ten feet in height, and will be placed on a pedestal of equal elevation. His Grace is represented in military costume, leaning on his sword, and with one foot resting on a piece of ordnance. Around his shoulders is thrown a cloak, the folds of which are managed in the most graceful and effective style. The likeness of the Duke has been preserved with fidelity, and every, the minutest detail, is given with extraordinary freedom and truth. It is but justice to add, that the statue was in the employment of Messrs. McDonald and Leslie, who were intrusted with the transference of the model to the more stubborn material, have performed their part in a most satisfactory manner. This, we believe, is the first statue that has been executed in granite in modern times. The experiment was, of course, rather hazardous, but it has been attended with complete success. The site for the statue has not yet been finally determined; but wherever it may be placed it will form an enduring and distinguished ornament of the city—a monument worthy of the noble duke to whose memory it is dedicated—and a singular instance of the triumph of genius and art over diffi-

culties which, since the days of the Ptolomies, have been deemed insurmountable.

The restorations of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or the Round Church, Cambridge, by the Camden Society, have proved to be more extensive than was originally supposed to be necessary, and more subscriptions are required. The committee request the attention of the lovers of church architecture to the present state of this curious and interesting restoration. The works have been stopped more than once during the summer for want of funds, fresh discoveries of the imperfect and unsafe character of the old building having made new restorations unavoidable: and lately it has been found that the roof could not be put on with safety without rebuilding the east end and the north aisle, which had not formed part of the original undertaking of the committee. To this necessity, in the state to which the works had then advanced, the interior being exposed to the weather, and the graves in the chancel being then actually full of water, the committee had no choice but to give way. They therefore, at whatever risk, directed the works to proceed: resolving, at the same time, to rebuild the new additions uniformly with the rest, in appropriate ecclesiastical character. The church will thus have a new north, as well as a new south, aisle; and will, in fact, be a new church. It will also now be considerably enlarged. It will not, therefore, create surprise, if a sum of probably 1400*l.* be yet wanting before the church is completed in the way the committee contemplated, confiding in the public support of an undertaking of so much national interest. They have now no funds. The parish has done its best. They respectfully appeal to the church and the public. Not less for the sake of the church itself, but for the encouragement of this useful Society, it is to be hoped that their appeal will be responded to liberally.

Ruhl, the German sculptor, preceptor of Rauch, of Berlin, died early in the month, at Cassel, in the seventy-seventh year of his age;—and we learn, from the same authority, that Zerner, the architect employed on the cathedral of Cologne, may shortly be expected in England, on a professional tour, to see and examine our most celebrated cathedrals.

The Paris papers announce the death, after a few days of brain fever, of M. Alexandre de Laborde, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; through life a patron of literature and the arts, which he illustrated by several splendid works of his own, and the steady advocate of freedom of thought and intellectual progress in every country, and in all their lawful and useful forms. The Count Alexandre de Laborde was, besides, one of the King's *aides-de-camp*, and had other titles, which, with us, as literary heralds, are subordinate to those which we have quoted above. His splendid work, the '*Voyage Pittoresque et Historique en Espagne*,' is well known; and his visit to the ancient city of Petra, whence Mr. Roberts has brought away such magnificent memorials, is familiar to the English public, through Mr. Murray's translation of his work on the subject. The same journals also mention the death of a distinguished book collector, M. Martineau de Solenne; leaving behind him a valuable library, said to include, beyond dispute, the richest and most perfect collection of dramatic works ever got together. They speak, too, of arrangements in active progress at the Palais des Beaux Arts, under the direction of M. Duban, the architect of the establishment for the classification of the numerous works of sculpture and architecture which have been collected in the last half century, to form the museum of that school.

An engraving, on steel, of the Artesian Well of Grenelle, has appeared in the print-shops of Paris, which gives a representation of that elaborate work, on a scale of one thousandth. To convey a notion of its depth, the artist has raised at its base, from the level of the subterranean water reached by the bore, the loftiest monuments of that metropolis and of Europe generally.—Notre-Dame and the Invalides, the Cathedral of Strasburg and St. Peter's at Rome. All the geological strata are represented in their natural colours and measures, giving a scientific as well as artistic value to the print.—Apropos of Art, we may add, that the Grand Duke of Weimar has conferred on Liszt the decoration of the Order of the White Falcon.

The Minister of Public Works at Paris has a project of law ready to submit to the Chambers, having for its object the removal of the Royal Library from the Rue Richelieu to the Place Dauphine. Mention is made, too, of a novel method adopted in the *Salpêtrière* of that capital, for affording amusement to the insane portion of its inmates, which has been attended with the most satisfactory results. The device in question is that of engaging the mentally afflicted in dramatic performances, and it has been entered into by the patients of the establishment with great spirit, and yielded them much cheerful excitement. A little while ago a representation of *Le Tartuffe* took place, all the characters being supported by the residents of the hospital. "The play," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "was really got up in an admirable style, and was acted in a manner quite surprising when the state of mind of the various performers is considered. Indeed, had not the spectators been aware of the affliction under which the actors laboured, they would have thought that they were witnessing a representation of practised amateurs, and as such it would have been highly creditable."

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg has published, at its cost, a Tibetan Dictionary, with Latin and German translations, the work of Dr. Schmidt, one of its members, who has resided for many years in Thibet. This Dictionary contains about 22,000 Tibetan words, and is said to be the only one existing of that language, with translations into the European tongues. The same Academy has purchased the numerous and rich herbaria, formed by the late M. Chamisso, a Frenchman, during the voyage of circumnavigation, performed from 1814 to 1818, under the command of Captain Kotzebue, at the cost of the celebrated Chancellor de Romanzow. These herbaria the Academy purposes to publish, with the MS. notes and explanations of M. Chamisso; in which that writer has introduced, it is said, many striking remarks on all he saw during the voyage.—The Russian government has opened a school in the capital for the gratuitous instruction of artists, and of the working classes, in the process of the galvanoplastic art.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Nobility, Gentry, and the Public are informed, that this establishment will be SHORTLY CLOSED for the season, when both Pictures, now exhibiting, viz. THE VILLAGE OF ALAGSA, and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, will be removed, and replaced by subjects of great novelty and interest.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

THURS. Horticultural Society, 2, P.M.
WED. Geological Society, 10, 4.
SOCIETY OF ARTS, THE VILLAGE OF ALAGSA, and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, will be removed, and replaced by subjects of great novelty and interest.

THURS. Zoological Society, 3.—General Business.
FRI. Botanical Society, 8.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

On Monday Evening, October 31, Her Majesty's Servants will perform the Historical Tragedy of KING JOHN, from the Text of Shakspeare. *King John*, Mr. Macready; *Salisbury*, Mr. Elton; *Forelawbridge*, Mr. Anderson; *Hubert*, Mr. Phelps; *The Lady Constance*, Miss Helen Faucit. With *ACTS AND GALATEA*. *Acts*, Miss F. Horton; *Galateia*, Miss Loner.

Tuesday, Sheridan's Opera of THE DUENNA. *Don Carlos*, Madame Vestris; *Isaac Menendez*, Mr. Keeley; *Clara*, Miss Romer; *Louisa*, Miss P. Horton. With a new Farce; and THE ATTIC STORY.

Wednesday, AS YOU LIKE IT, from the Text of Shakspeare. *Joyous*, Mr. Macready; *Orlando*, Mr. Anderson; *Amicus*, Mr. Allen; *First Lord*, Mr. Elton; *Second Lord*, Mr. H. Phillips; *Toucheville*, Mr. Keeley; *Willoughby*, Mr. Compton; *Rosalind*, Mrs. Niblett; *Celia*, Mrs. Stirling; *Audrey*, Mrs. Keeley. With a new Farce; and PATTER N CLATTER.

Thursday, Shakspeare's Tragedy of OTHELLO. With a new Farce; and THE ATTIC STORY.

Friday, KING JOHN.

Saturday, Congreve's Comedy of LOVE FOR LOVE: adapted for Representation. *Forenight*, Mr. Compton; *Valentine*, Mr. Anderson; *Scandal*, Mr. Phelps; *Tattle*, Mr. C. Matthews; *Jenny*, Mr. Hudson; *Ben*, Mr. Keeley; *Mrs. Forenight*, Mrs. Stirling; *Mrs. Fossil*, Madame Vestris; *Jephthah*, Mrs. Niblett; *Miss Fanny*, Mrs. Keeley; *Nurse*, Mrs. C. Jones.

SAINT JAMES'S THEATRE.

GRAND PUBLIC CONCERTS, CHORAL and INSTRUMENTAL. The first Performance will take place on Wednesday Evening, next, November 2; when will be performed Rossini's STAFF MATRIL, with a Miscellaneous Selection.—*Principal Vocalists*, Miss Birch, Miss Dolly, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips.—The Band and Chorus will consist of 10 Performers. *Leader*, Mr. Willy; *Conductor*, Mr. Lucas.—*Prices of Admission*: Public Boxes 4*rs.*; Pit 2*rs.* 6*d.*; Gallery 1*rs.* 6*d.*; 1*st* Stalls 6*s.*; Gallery ditto, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Private Boxes, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*l.* 2*s.*—Private Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets to be had at Mitchell's Library, 34, Old Bond Street; Seguin's Library, 12, Regent Street; Bell's Music Warehouse, Thamesmead Street; at the principal Music Shops, and at the Box Office of the Theatre, from 11 till 5.

Mr. F. Hill, Hon. Sec., 25, Regent Street, Piccadilly.

The first of the Subscription Concerts announced a week ago, took place on Wednesday evening. In

proportion as we recognize with satisfaction, the popular class of entertainments to which these cheap and liberally arranged concerts belong, do we regret to see their utility neutralized by defects of management. On the present occasion, little more regard to taste or feeling in selection was shown, than was formerly exhibited in making out the bill of one of the Lent Oratorios. A symphony by Beethoven, was closely succeeded by Mr. Calcott's 'Last Man,' the storm scene from 'Oberon' by the agitations of Jephtha, awakening to the tremendous consequences of his rash vow; Purcell and Pacini were sandwiched together, with a like notable contempt of the fitness of things, but worst of all, after the Hailstone-chorus from 'Israel,'—which, by the way, was very finely sung—came Mr. John Parry's whimsical mock Italian trio! Now, we believe, that even as a speculation, such a musical *olla* will fail to satisfy the public. Far better seems to us the scheme of performances announced at the St. James's Theatre, where an entire classical work is to form a feature of each concert. To have done with cavilling, however,—the orchestra was in fair order, as was proved by its accompaniment of Madame Duclen in Mendelssohn's First Concerto. The greatest novelty of the evening was the reappearance, in a London orchestra, of Mrs. Shaw, whose grand *aria* by Pacini, enabled her to display powers of execution only imperfectly developed when she left England. The room was full, and the audience enthusiastic.

DRURY LANE.—Shakspeare's 'King John,' itself a pageant of poetry, has furnished a subject for the scene-painter, stage-dresser, and property-man to exercise their skill upon, under the guidance of Mr. Macready, who, in restoring the text of Shakspeare to the stage, illuminates the border with characteristic pictures: we only wish he could go further in the work of reform, and provide mouthpieces to speak the dialogue, if not with a better understanding of the character assumed, at least with a little regard for the ears of the audience, which are assailed in a most unmerciful manner by some of the performers. One would think these ranters wished to show, by the violence of their exertions, how far the part was beyond their powers; certainly, their efforts to reach the lofty height would be more successful were they to moderate their tone; for distinct utterance goes far further than loudness, and has also the advantage of being both intelligible and impressive, which is not the case with screaming. Of this representation, that which is addressed to the eye is by far the best part; there is abundance of colour, without gaudiness and glitter; everything has its meaning, and for most of it there is authority, though it is implying a high degree of correctness in the main to hint that some points are not strictly accurate. The best praise of this superb spectacle is, that it assists materially in carrying on the business of the play, and impressing the spirit of the several scenes on the audience. The rude and primitive splendour of the court of King John is shown in the first act; the 'pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war' is displayed (theatrically) in the second; and in the third the church contributes her quota to swell the pageant. The scenery is not a mere succession of bright prospects and sumptuous interiors; it has a pictorial character in accordance with the action; the sunny landscape with its shining river before Angiers, the lowering atmosphere of the battle fields, the moonlit towers of Swinest Abbey, and the twilight gloom of the death-scene of the king, exercise their due influence. Mr. Macready's *King John* is one of his best Shakspearian personations: his bye-play in the scene where he prevails on Hubert to undertake the death of Arthur, is so expressive, that his murderous purpose is apparent in his look before he opens his mouth. Mr. Phelps as *Hubert*, though he has not the forbidding aspect that causes him to be suspected, represents the unscrupulously faithful follower, and the rough, resolute, yet kindly man; the scene between him and Arthur is not the less pathetic for the domestic character which Miss Newcome, who plays the little *Princess* very intelligently, gives to the agony of fear. The death of Arthur is absurdly overdone: not content with his leaping from a high tower, he is made to roll over and over down the steps as if they were a sloping bank of turf, rather difficult as an involuntary achievement, especially after such a fall, Mr.

Anderson makes *Faulconbridge* a swash-buckler hero, and Miss H. Faucit lets down the dignity of *Queen Constance* to the level of a scold, the numerous other characters are better filled.

MISCELLANEA

The annual report of the Dublin University Librarian was presented to the board on the 18th inst. It appears that 1,966 volumes of printed books and 43 volumes of manuscripts have been added to the library during the last year. The total number of volumes of printed books now in the library, including the Fagel Library, and the Quin collection, is 92,643, besides 1,462 volumes of MSS.

Watches.—According to a paragraph in the *Standard*, some one, whose name is not mentioned, has lately constructed a variety of machines by which an incredible number of watches, of every variety of size, may be made in a day. By one of the machines, 300 perfect plates can be produced in a day, by another the same quantity of barrels; by five machines the requisite number of centre, third, and fourth wheels (crossed, polished, and cut), with balances for 300 movements. By another 200 pinions can be cut and rounded; by another the holes are drilled, the tapping, the screw-holes, the various parts in the plate are sunk, planting the depths and escapement, &c., and all with such exactness as cannot be excelled; another for the making and polishing of pivots, &c. Four other machines will be sufficient for making pivots for 50 movements a-day; and to add to these, there are 20 other machines for every description of work connected with the watch-making, and which, altogether, constitute a set. The inventor has submitted these machines to the scrutinizing inspection of the most experienced makers of chronometers and watches in London, and not one has expressed a doubt of the work so produced being incomparably superior to that done in the usual way. [What may be the truth respecting this wonderful watch-making discovery, we know not, but this account of it reads very like the puff indirect.]

Pearls.—Letters from Norway mention that there have been found in the bed of the great stream that runs through Jeddere, in the diocese of Christian-sand, and which from the excessive heats became dry, a great number of bivalve shells containing pearls, some of which were so large and fine, that they were valued at 60*l.* a piece. At the beginning of the 17th century, when Norway was annexed to Denmark, the government took the pearl fishery of this stream into its own hands, and the finest pearls were sent to Copenhagen to be deposited in the crown treasury. After this, the produce of the fishery became so low, that it did not pay the expenses, and it was abandoned. It will now probably be resumed.

The Mentz Bible.—A Belgian journal mentions that a person lately purchased at St. Trond, among a heap of old books, a sixth known copy of this bible; and that for one purchased by Louis the Eighteenth, he gave 20,000 francs, or about 800*l.*

Death of Grace Darling.—This heroic woman expired at Bamburgh on the 20th inst., in her 25th year. She had been in a delicate state of health for a considerable time past, and her medical attendant recommended her removal from the sea. She, in consequence, went to reside with a friend at Wooler, and afterwards removed to Alnwick, accompanied by her sister, where lodgings were engaged for them by the Duchess of Northumberland, by whom the greatest attention was paid to the amiable girl. Her complaint having assumed the form of decided consumption, and all hope of her recovery being abandoned, her father anxiously desired that she should return amongst her family, and she was accordingly removed from Alnwick to Bamburgh only about ten days ago.—*Newcastle Journal.*

Roman Antiquities.—The *Progressif Cauchois* announces that the Abbé Cochet has just had some excavations made in the Loges Wood, near Château Gaillard, a place celebrated in the ancient legends and traditions of the country, and has discovered a Roman dwelling, apparently belonging to a family in the middle ranks of life. This circumstance adds to the value of the discovery, as hitherto only villas of the wealthy have been known to the learned. This habitation is composed of four compartments, three of which are sitting-rooms. The first—the hypocaust,

or stove-room—is in an excellent state of preservation, and shows clearly the manner of heating employed by the Romans in their northern provinces. About a score of brick pillars are still standing, generally about four-fifths of a yard in height. On these pillars the flooring was placed, composed of flat freestone flags, and a considerable portion of it still remains. The walls, which are formed of roughly cut stones, are in some places nine feet high. They are covered over with a thick layer of cement, perforated in a number of places, to allow the hot air to pass into the room, from channels which ran round in various directions from the stove. The ceiling is ornamented with fruits and flowers roughly painted on rough mortar. The second room is also flagged with freestone, and has in one corner a pipe to let off the water. This pipe was found stopped with a large cork when the discovery was made. The third room was unpaved, and in it M. Cochet found fifteen bronze medals of the time of Trajan, Faustinus, and Antoninus.—The *Mémorial des Pyrenées* also gives an account of some excavations lately made at Bielle. A fine piece of mosaic having been discovered by a peasant when digging his land, further researches were made, and an entire house was laid bare, the walls still standing to the height of three feet. This residence also consists of four chambers, but with the addition of a circular piece, which was at first thought to be a bath room, from the fact of two large pipes for water being made to communicate with it. On removing the floor, however, a tomb of white polished marble was discovered below, containing a skeleton in good preservation. The floors of the chambers were paved with handsome mosaics. Some pieces of pottery, burnt earth, and two columns about nine feet high, one of white and the other of coloured marble, have been found, as well as a finely sculptured capital.—Excavations and discoveries have also been lately made near Tulle, on the road to Limoges, among which may be mentioned a stone mill for grinding corn, a small figure in copper of an armed warrior, and some medals, one of which represents a chained crocodile;—and a gold medal has been found at Bruneval, in the Seine Inférieure, of the size of an English half-crown and the weight of a sovereign, which refers to an interesting epoch in English history, having been struck to commemorate the descent of Edward of York into Great Britain, at the time of the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster.

Scandinavian Antiquities.—A letter from Copenhagen states that a peasant of Boeslund, in the island of Zealand, whilst ploughing, discovered two gold urns filled with ashes, chased with foliage and fruits, and bearing on the top of the cover a figure of Odin, the Jupiter of the Scandinavians. This figure is represented standing, bearing on one shoulder the two crows Hunin (Thought) and Munin (Memory), and, at its feet, two wolves, symbols of his power. The urns are exactly alike, in good preservation, and admirably wrought. The gold is exceedingly thin except at the edges; they are about six inches in diameter, and nine inches in height, including the cover, but not the figure, and their weight is a little more than 2*lb.* They have been deposited in the Museum of Copenhagen. They are supposed to belong to the fifth century.

Druidical Monument.—Some workmen on the Paris and Rouen railway have discovered, not far from the forest of St. Germain, a cave constructed of hard stones, and containing some oak coffins in tolerable preservation. The branch of a tree was rudely sketched on these coffins, and a stone placed apart resembled in form those troughs in which human sacrifices were formerly perpetrated. It is supposed that this cave and its contents are of the time of the Druids.—*Mémorial de Rouen.*

An Epigram, written on the principle of the celebrated "Doctor Fell," wherein the recurrence of the first rhyme in the last line adds to the satire and humour of the joke:—

On a very common and ridiculous habit of bad taste.

Peto does always write himself—"In haste":

Is it from need he writes so, or from taste?

In either case they're words writ in pure waste,

Since he who's ever, &c.—never is in haste.

20th Oct. 1842.

SCRIBLERUS.

* "Nam male semper olet, qui bene semper olet," says the prince of epigrammatists; and so say we.

PRINTED FOR

TAYLOR & WALTON,
28, UPPER GOWER-STREET.

I.

Completion of Turner's Chemistry.

On Thursday, the 3rd of November will be published, in one thick vol. 8vo. containing the whole of Organic Chemistry, price 1*l.* 8*s.* cloth.

TURNER'S ELEMENTS

OF

CHEMISTRY;

Including the ACTUAL STATE and PREVALENT DOCTRINES OF THE SCIENCE.

Seventh Edition.

Edited by JUSTUS LIEBIG, M.D. Ph.D. F.R.S.

Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen; and WILLIAM GREGORY, M.D. F.R.S.E.

Professor of Chemistry, King's College, Aberdeen.

Part III., No. 4, completing the Sixth Edition, and the Second Supplement completing the Seventh Edition, will be published at the same time, each 3*s.*

II.

JUST COMPLETED.

In 2 vols. royal folio, half-bound morocco, gilt tops, price 12*l.* plain, 20*l.* coloured.

A SERIES

OF

ANATOMICAL PLATES,

In Lithography,

With References and Physiological Comments.

Edited by JONES QUAIN, M.D., and

W. J. ERASMUS WILSON, Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology at the Middlesex Hospital.

The Work consists of the following Divisions:

THE MUSCLES. 51 Plates, 2*l.* 16*s.* plain; 5*l.* 5*s.* full coloured.

THE VESSELS. 50 Plates, 2*l.* 14*s.* plain; 3*l.* 15*s.* with the Vessels coloured.

THE NERVES. 38 Plates, 2*l.* 4*s.* plain; 4*l.* 2*s.* full coloured.

THE VISCERA; including the ORGANS of DIGESTION, RESPIRATION, SECRETION, and EXCRETION. 32 Plates, price 1*l.* 18*s.* plain; 3*l.* 10*s.* coloured.

THE BONES and LIGAMENTS. 30 Plates, 2*l.* plain; 2*l.* 15*s.* coloured.

Any Volume may be purchased separately.

III.

NEW DISSECTOR.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo. 750 pages, price 12*s.*

DEMONSTRATIONS

OF

ANATOMY,

BEING

A Guide to the Dissection of the Human Body.

By GEORGE VYNER ELLIS.

One of the Demonstrators of Anatomy in University College.

"We think Mr. Ellis's 'Demonstrations' are in every way fitted for the purposes for which they are intended, and we therefore strongly recommend the work to the notice of every member of the profession. We are convinced that it will quickly become the general Text Book of every working student in anatomy."—*British and Foreign Medical Review*, January, 1841.

IV.

THE SURGICAL ANATOMY

OF THE

Principal Regions of the Human Body.

By THOMAS MORTON,

Assistant Surgeon at University College Hospital, and one of the Demonstrators of Anatomy in the same University.

I. THE PERINEUM; with Four Lithographic Plates and Three Wood Engravings. Royal 8vo. 6*s.* plain; and 7*s.* 6*d.* coloured.

"We most cordially recommend Mr. Morton's treatise as a satisfactory guide in the dissection of the perineum and pelvis."—*British and Foreign Medical Review*, July, 1839, p. 244.

II. THE GROIN, THE FEMORAL AND POPLITEAL REGIONS. Eight Lithographic Plates and Eleven Wood Engravings. Royal 8vo. 13*s.* coloured; 9*s.* plain.

III. INGUINAL HERNIÆ, THE TESTIS AND ITS COVERINGS. Five Plates and Eleven Wood Engravings. Royal 8vo. 12*s.* coloured; 9*s.* plain.

GEOLOGICAL TRANSACTIONS.—

November 1 will be published, Vol. VI., Part 2, 380 pages, 40s. Plates of Fossils, coloured Maps and Sections, 48 Woodcuts, and the following Papers:—Sedgwick and Murchison on the Rhenish Provinces, &c.—D'Archiac and De Verneuil on the Fossils of the Rhenish Provinces, &c.—Owen on a Bird, Tortoise and Lizard from the Chalk, and on the Labyrinthodon—Darwin on the Boulder of South America—Austin on S.E. of Devon—Legg on Underclay—Barr on Aden—MacLachlan on N. of Loughlin—Strickland on Birmingham and Gloucester Railway—D. Williams on Trap of Bleaden Hill—Extracts from Minute Books—List of Presents—Index to Vol. VI. Price to the Fellows, 1l. 10s.; to the Public, 2l. 5s. Sold at the Apartments of the Society, Somerset House.

BETTS'S NEW MAPS OF ENGLAND.

SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.—These Maps have been compiled with great care, upon the basis of the POPULATION RETURNS; having the RAILROADS very carefully and distinctly laid down, and the various Stations marked and named; also the Turnpike Roads, Navigable Rivers, Canals, &c.

England and Wales, measuring 3 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., mounted on cloth, in a case for the pocket, price 7s.; or on roller, ledge, and varnished, 10s. 6d.

England and Wales, measuring 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1 in., mounted on cloth, in a case for the pocket, price 7s. 6d.; or on roller, ledge, and varnished, 10s. 6d.

Scotland, measuring 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1 in., mounted on cloth, in a case for the pocket, price 6s. 6d.; or on roller, ledge, and varnished, 9s. 6d.

Ireland, measuring 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1 in., mounted on cloth, in a case for the pocket, price 6s. 6d.; or on roller, ledge, and varnished, 9s. 6d.

London: John Betts, 7, Compton-street, Brunswick-square; Simpkin & Marshall; Whittaker & Co. Liverpool; G. Philip.

On November 1, price 31s. 6d., with a beautiful Wood Engraving on every page, Vol. I. of the

BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS.

Edited by S. C. HALL, Esq. F.S.A.

Containing Chevy Chase, Children in the Wood, Fair Rosamond, Demon Lover, Nut-brown May, Kempion, Child of Elie, Two Brothers, Blind Beggar, Robin Goodfellow, Sir Patrick Spens, Gilt Morice, Sir Aldingar, Sir Lancelot du Lake, King Arthur's Death, Heire of Linne, Lord Soules, Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, Fause Foudrage, Genevieve, Fair Margaret and Sweet William, Birth of St. George, Mermaid, Sir Agilthorne, Lord Ullin's Daughter, Johnie of Breadaldee, and Deans of Yarrow.

Illustrated by CRESWICK, FRANKLIN, REDGRAVE, HERBERT, MEADOWS, DADD, TOWNSEND, FRITH, WARD, M'LAN, CORDBOUL, JOY, WARREN, GILBERT, WILLIAMS, SIBSON, and SCOTT.

London: JEREMIAH HOW, 132, Fleet-street.

SECOND EDITION.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. price One Guinea,

AMERICAN NOTES
FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

NEW WORK BY MR. DICKENS.

On the 1st of January, 1843, will be published, price ONE SHILLING,

THE FIRST NUMBER OF
A NEW TALEOF
ENGLISH LIFE AND MANNERS.

By "BOZ."

To be completed in Twenty Monthly Numbers, and illustrated with Two Etchings on Steel.

Preparing for immediate publication, in a cheap and handsome form,

A SERIES OF TRANSLATIONS,
OF POPULAR AND INTERESTING FOREIGN WORKS,

TO COMMENCE WITH

RUSSIA, BY J. G. KOHL;

Comprised in Two Parts, closely printed in demy 8vo. price 5s. each, containing ST. PETERSBURG, MOSCOW, the BALTIC PROVINCES, RIGA, ODESSA, the CRIMEA, and the STEPPES.

CELEBRATED CRIMES, BY ALEXANDER DUMAS,

In One Part, will be the next Work published, and others will follow in succession.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. LIX. is JUST PUBLISHED.

Contents:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. FRENCH CRITICISM OF ENGLISH WRITERS. | 8. NAPLES AND THE NEAPOLITANS. |
| 2. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY. By FRANK. | 9. GERVINUS ON GERMAN LITERATURE. |
| 3. CELEBRATED CRIMES. BY ALEXANDER DUMAS. | 10. THE IDYLS OF THEOCRITUS. |
| 4. RITTIEN'S ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY. | 11. MEMOIRS OF BARRIÈRE, PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION. |
| 5. RUSSEGGERS TRAVELS IN EGYPT. | 12. NEWSPAPER LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES. |
| 6. TRAVELLING ROMANCERS. BY DUMAS ON THE RHINE. | |
| THE LETTERS OF MARGARET DE NAVARRE. | |

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES OF LITERATURE—RUSSIA.

Short Reviews of New Works, Foreign Correspondence, Intelligence, List of New Publications, &c.

London: CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, Strand.

On Tuesday next, 2 vols. 8vo. with Map and Engravings, ASIA MINOR, PONTUS, and ARMENIA: being Researches in those Countries; with some Account of the Antiquities and Geology. By W. L. HAMILTON, Esq. M.P. Secretary to the Geological Society. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Now ready, in various sizes, RICHARDS'S UNIVERSAL DAILY REMEMBRANCE for 1843, comprising a Correct Diary for Memoranda, and a variety of Useful Information. Quartos: 3s.; 4s.; 6s.; and 9s. Octavos: 2s. 6d.; 3s. 6d.; 5s.; 7s. London: Richards, 100, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross; and may be had of all Stationers.

TILT'S ALMANACKS FOR 1843.

NOW READY: PARAGON ALMANACK 0 1 ALMANACK FOR THE HAT 0 1 USEFUL ALMANACK 0 1 NATIONAL ALMANACK, on sheet 0 3 SUNDAY ALMANACK, in blue, card size 0 2 SUNDAY ALMANACK, printed in gold 0 3 POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK, stitched 0 1 POOR RICHARD'S ALMANACK, interleaved 0 3 MINIATURE ALMANACK, cloth, gilt 0 6 MINIATURE ALMANACK, roan tuck 0 1 POCKET ALMANACK, cloth, gilt 0 9 POCKET ALMANACK, roan tuck 0 6

* THE COMIC ALMANACK, with 12 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, will be published November 5. Tilt & Bogue, Fleet-street.

HOURS WITH THE MUSES.

This day, 3rd edition, enlarged, post 8vo. 6s. cloth lettered, By JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

"Knowledge and truth and virtue were his theme, And lofty hope of liberty divine."—Shelley.

London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH PATENTS; being a Register of all

those granted in the Arts, Manufactures, Chemistry, Agriculture, &c. in 1841; with copious Index, and an Account of the New Legislation Act for Designs on Articles of Manufacture.

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

ANNUALS, ETC. PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

THE ROYAL 'FAVOURITE ANNUAL.'

FISHER'S DRAWING ROOM SCRAP-BOOK;

with Poetical Illustrations by the Author of 'The Women of England.' Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Published this day, price 2s. 6d.

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND. Thirty-six highly-finished Plates, very beautifully bound, with an elegant design covering the sides, containing the Portraits of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal, in gold. (Six copies have been ordered for Windsor Castle.)

By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M.R.I.

Now ready, in imp. 8vo. price 2s. with upwards of Two Hundred Engravings, Vol. I. of
THE CASTLES AND ALBYS OF ENGLAND.
 By Dr. BEATTIE.
 Tilt & Bogue, Fleet-street.

On Monday next will be published, price 1s.
AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE to a Course of Instruction at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF ARCHITECTURE, to which are added more interesting and further Remarks ON THE MODERN SYSTEM OF COMPETITION. By WILLIAM HOSKING, F.S.A., Architect and C.E. And Professor of Architecture and of Engineering Construction to the College.
 John Weale, 59, High Holborn.

NEW WORK, BY FORBES WINSLOW.
 ON THE PRESERVATION OF THE HEALTH OF BODY AND MIND.
 Member of the Royal College of Surgeons; and Author of 'The Anatomy of Suicide,' &c.
 London: Henry Henshaw, 36, Strand.

5, New Burlington-street, October 29, 1852.
MR. BENTLEY HAS JUST PUBLISHED THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS:

1. A VISIT TO ITALY IN 1841. By Mrs. TROLLOPE, Author of 'Paris and the Parisians,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Price Twenty-eight shillings.
 2. WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS. A Novel. By Mrs. THOMSON, Author of 'Constance,' 'Anne Boleyn,' &c. 3 vols.

3. NARRATIVE OF VARIOUS JOURNEYS IN BALUCHISTAN, AFGHANISTAN, AND THE PANJAB; including a Residence in those Countries from 1826 to 1828. By CHARLES MASSON, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous Plates, &c. Price Two Guineas.

4. RICHARD SAVAGE: a Romance of Real Life. By CHARLES WHITEHEAD, Author of 'The Solitary,' &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. with numerous Illustrations by Leech.

5. ROMANTIC BIOGRAPHY OF THE AGE OF ELIZABETH; or, Sketches of Life from the Bye-ways of History. By the BENEDICTINE BRETHREN OF GLENDAUGH. Edited by W. F. TAYLOR, L.L.D., of Trinity College, Dublin. 2 vols. 8vo. with Portraits. Price Twenty-eight shillings.

6. DOCTOR HOOKWELL; or, the ANGLO-CATHOLIC FAMILY. A Novel. 3 vols.

7. WILLIAM LANGSHAW, the COTTON LORD. A Story of Manchester in the present Day. By Mrs. STONE, Author of 'The Art of Needlework,' &c. 3 vols.

ALSO, JUST READY:
 1. ALLEE NEMIROO, the BUCHTARREE ADVENTURER. A Romance of Persia. By J. B. FRASER, Esq., Author of 'The Kuzilbash,' &c. 3 vols.

2. THE JACK O' LANTERN (LE FEU-POUET); or, THE PRIVATEER. A Story of the Sea. By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., Author of 'The Pilot,' 'The Two Admirals,' &c. 3 vols.

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, (Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty.)

MR. COLBURN HAS JUST PUBLISHED THE FOLLOWING NEW WORKS:

SELF-DEVOTION; or, the History of Katharine "endolph. By the Author of 'The Only Daughter.' Edited by the Author of 'The Subalterns.' 3 vols.

II. NARRATIVE OF THE LATE EXPEDITION TO CHINA, from the Commencement of the War to the Present Period; with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of that singular and almost unknown Country. By Commander J. ELLIOT BINGHAM, late First Lieut. of H.M.S. *Modeste*. 2 vols. small 8vo. with Map and Illustrations, 2s. bound.

III. NIMROD ABROAD. By C. J. APPERLEY, Esq., Author of 'The Chase, the Turf, and the Road,' &c. 2 vols. small 8vo.

The following are just ready:

IV. MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS AND ROYAL FAVORITES OF FRANCE. By Mrs. FORBES BUSH. 2 vols. small 8vo.

V. PHINEAS QUIDDY; or, Sheer Industry. By JOHN POOLS, Esq., Author of 'Paul Pry,' &c. 3 vols.

VI. THE NAVAL CLUB; or, Reminiscences of Service. By M. H. BAIKER, Esq. (The 'Old Sailor'), Author of 'Tough Yarns,' &c. 3 vols.

Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

The following Periodical Works, for NOVEMBER, 1852, will be published by CHARLES KNIGHT & Co.

THE PICTORIAL EDITION OF SHAKS-PERE. Part XLIX. (containing WILLIAM SHAKS-PERE, a BIOGRAPHY, Part V.) super-royal 8vo. price 2s. 6d.

KNIGHTS LIBRARY EDITION OF SHAKS-PERE. Vol. VI.—Containing King Henry VI., Parts II., III., and King Richard III.—with critical and explanatory Notices and Illustrations, demy 8vo. price 10s.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, during the REIGN OF GEORGE III., Half Part XXIII., super-royal 8vo. price 1s.

LONDON, Part XX., price 1s. 6d., containing a complete Account of Westminster Abbey. Published also in Weekly Numbers, price 4d.

THE PENNY MAGAZINE, Part XXII. (NEW SERIES), price 6d.

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, Part CXVII., price 1s. 6d.

KNIGHT'S STORE OF KNOWLEDGE—THE HORSE. Small 16mo. price 4d.; or in cloth, 8d.

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA. Vol. XXIV., including from Tat-wan to Tit-Lark. In cloth boards, price 7s. 6d.

25, Ludgate-street, Oct. 20, 1852.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for NOVEMBER, price One Shilling, contains—Abd Negro, the Money-Lender. Mrs. Gere, Chapters XX., XXI.—The Modern Pulpit—A London Press-Maker's Diary—Lays of Loyalty, by Eminent Hands—Mrs. Trollope's Visit to Italy—Dickens' American Notes—On the Study of Languages, by Professor Blackie—Poetry—Literary Register; Life in the West, &c. &c.

William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. London.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. Part III. of Vol. V., which completes that Volume, will be published on the 1st of November.

- Contents.
1. University Statistics.
 2. Past and Present State of Lancashire.
 3. Parish Registers—Manchester.
 4. Capital Punishment—Lancashire.
 5. Police Statistics—Manchester.
 6. Vital Statistics of Fine Spinning.
 7. Pulmonary Consumption, from the Factory System.
 8. Industrial Workhouse School, Manchester.
 9. Loan Funds—Ireland.
 10. Laborers' Agricultural School.
 11. Destitution and Mortality—Scotland.
 12. Accidents in Coal Mines—Belgium.
 13. Commerce of Russia.
 14. Educational Statistics, 1841-2.
 15. Income Taxes.
 16. Prices and Importations of Corn, Currency, Revenues, Bankruptcy.—Index, &c. Price 2s. 6d.

J. W. Parker, 45, West Strand.

On 1st November, and 1st and 15th of each Month, price 6d. (Stamped Edition, 7d.)

THE CHEMICAL GAZETTE; or, Journal of Practical Chemistry, in all its applications to Pharmacy, Arts and Manufactures. Conducted by WILLIAM FRANKS and HENRY CROFT, late Students in the Universities of Berlin and Gießen. The object of this Journal is to furnish those engaged in chemistry—the druggist, the chemical-assistant, the manufacturer—with a comprehensive view of all that occurs on the Continent as well as in this country, relating to the chemical part of their pursuits.

R. & J. E. Taylor, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street; and all Booksellers.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER. Price 2s. 6d., contains

Afghanistan, No. II.—Midway—The Life of Sir Murray Maxwell. Chapters III., IV.—Children—Notes by a Reader of History. No. III.—Huxing Histories. No. VI.—The Fat Old Gentleman in the Acet Room—Hope and Love—The Ashburton Treaty—La Venerie de Scampadoglio. Chapters I., II., III., IV.—The Love Epistles of Aristomenes. Edited by a Templar—Peep Day Paris—The "Sick" American Notes—The Birth-Days. G. W. Nickisson, 215, Regent-street, London (Successor to the late James Fraser).

On Monday, the 31st inst., price 1s. No. 8. of

THE UNION: a Monthly Record of Moral, Social, and Educational Progress. Contains:—The Laureates of 1848. Free Trade and Foreign Tariffs.—Touch'd in the Head. Part VII., by the Author of 'Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse'—Female Education, Part I., Social.—The Blind Boy—Inhabitations and Cohabitations, by January Sars—Love On Marriage of Convenience, an Every Day Story—Belgium and the Belgians—American Periodical Literature—Monthly Register, &c. &c.

London: Shewson & Co.

THE NOVEMBER NUMBER OF COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

EDITED BY THOMAS HOOD, Esq. Contains the following interesting Articles:—

News from China (very original). By the Editor.
 Box in America.
 No. 1: By the Editor.
 Persons whom Everybody has seen. By Laman Blanchard, Esq. No. 2. Persons who know all about it. No. 4. Persons who are never without an excuse.
 The Five Incumbents. By the Author of 'Peter Griegs,' &c. 4. The Editor's Review. Marriage of Convenience, an Reminiscences of a Medical Student. No. 10. The Story of a Genius.
 The Harbours in America. By Mrs. Trollope. Chapters 23, 29, and 30.
 Ricciarda de Selvaggio: a Legend of Pistoria. By Elizabeth Youatt.
 A Moscow Councillor of Medicine. From the Note Book of an Anglo-Russian.
 A Glance at Gower and the Gowerians—Martha Beynon. By D. T. Evans, Esq.
 Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

FISHER'S COLONIAL MAGAZINE for NOVEMBER, contains—

1. Dwarfnacht Tazara.
2. The Falkland Islands.
3. Emigration by Lot and Lottery.
4. Commercial Statistics of India.
5. Belgian Tariff of Import and Export Duties.
6. North American Indians.
7. Account of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.
8. Case of the deposed Rajah of Sattara, including the suppressed Documents.
9. Appropriation of Colonial Lands.
10. Thoughts on Colonization. By an Operative.
11. Analytical View of the Census of New South Wales, for 1841.
12. British South Africa.
13. Verses, written by the late Marquis Wellesley, short time before his death.
14. Trepidation, an Ode.
- Reviews, Colonial Intelligence, &c. Births, Marriages, Deaths, &c.

Fisher, Son & Co. Newgate-street, London.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE CRUKSHANK, LEITCH, AND CROWQUILL.

The NOVEMBER Number, price Half-a-Crown, of

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

MR. LEDBURY'S ADVENTURES AT HOME AND ABROAD. By ALBERT SMITH.

With Illustrations by Leech.

Chapter III. Of the manner in which Mr. Ledbury was examined by the Municipal Guard, and of his interview with the Prefect of Police.

Chapter IV. Of the Quartier Latin, and of Mr. Ledbury's lodgings therein.

Chapter V. Of the evening party given by Mr. Ledbury and Jack Johnson to certain students and gricettes, at their rooms in the Rue St. Jacques.

The Haunted Mine. By R. B. Peake.

The Life and Songs of Anacreon. By Barney Brailigan.

Her First Visit Abroad. By the Author of 'The Naval Sketch-book,' &c.

A Campaign with the Christians in 1838 and 1839. By Charles F. Pines Clinton.

The Dying Spy. By J. B. Fraser.

The Junior Barrister. By H. R. Addison.

Malay Vengeance. By H. R. Addison.

Blackie's Death. By Mrs. Howitt.

Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street.

On the 31st of October, price 2s. 6d.

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW FOR NOVEMBER.

- Contents.
1. Inspection of Schools by Government.
 2. Dr. Hook's Sermons.
 3. Woman—her Social Position and Duties.
 4. Branda's Dictation.
 5. Miss Strickland's Queens of England.
 6. The Reconciler—Systematic Theology.
 7. Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Poems.
 8. The Policy of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet, &c.

T. Ward & Co. Paternoster-row.

THE NEW NUMBER OF THE METROPOLITAN

For NOVEMBER.

Will contain, among others, the following Original Articles:—

1. SAVINDROOG, the New Oriental Romance. By M. Haifer, Esq. Chap. 19. The Tournament.
2. The Bright Ones of Earth. By Mrs. Abdy.
3. The Stock-jobber's Daughter. By Abbott Lee.
4. Maria de Joyell.
5. Irish Song. By Mrs. Crawford.
6. The Dervish Lov'r. A Tale of Constantinople.
7. Night. By Leigh Cliffe, Esq.

Reviews—Literary News—Works in Progress—New Music, &c.

Agents: for Ireland, J. Cumming, Dublin; for Scotland, Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh.

ARMY AND NAVY.

The NOVEMBER NUMBER OF COLBURN'S

UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE,

AND NAVAL AND MILITARY JOURNAL.

Contains the following interesting Papers:—

The recent Operations in Syria—Notes on the Army—England's Wooden Walls, The Mori—On Bush Fighting, by Sir E. Alexander—University of Naval Literature, by the Author of 'The Naval Sketch-book'—The Errors and Faults in our Military System—Narrative of the Capture of Ciudad Rodrigo, by an Officer of the 94th Regt.—Historical Yarns and Shavings, by a Part of the Old School—Military History of Jamaica, by Lieut.-Col. Napier—Narrative of the Services and Death of a Captain James Skipton in Afghanistan—Notes on the Egyptian Military Station in Jamaica—Expedition to Port Natal—The War in Afghanistan—Operations in China—Distinguished Field-Officers deprived of the increased Half-pay—Services of the Captain Sibby, R.N.—Despatches from India and China—Promotions in the Army and Navy—Stations of Corps and Ships; with all the Professional News of the Month, &c.

Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE,

price Half-a-Crown. The NOVEMBER NUMBER

WILL CONTAIN

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. Book III.: Chaps. XI., XII., XIII., XIV., XV., XVI., XVII., and XVIII.

With Two Illustrations on Steel

By GEORGE CRUKSHANK.

Purchasing Property, by Miss Perdon.

The Guerrillas of Leon, by Chas. W. Brooks.

The Lion's Hide, by John Oxenford.

The Persian Poet's Tomb, by Catherine Parr.

A Leaf from the 'Gesta Romanorum,' by Robert Bell.

A Few Notes on Mr. Dickens's American Notes, by Lucie Sam.

The Church of St. Valery: a Legend, by Charles Harvey.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS,

Part I.

Edited by GEORGE RAYMOND, Esq.

The Cholera in Ireland, by W. Dix the Younger, by Laman Blanchard.

The Duke of Wellington and Three Songs, by Edw. Kennedy.

Richard Cœur de Lion, by Milton and the Swedling Lord.

William Langshaw, the Cotton Lord.

By Thomas Hughes.

WINDSOR CASTLE, an Historical Romance,

By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

Chapter VI.

With an Illustration on steel by Tony Johannot, And Woodcuts by W. Alfred Delaporte.

Cunningham & Mortimer, Publishers, Adelaide-street, Trafalgar-square.

PERIODICALS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. No. CCXXV., price 2s. 6d.

Contents:—I. Benjamin of Tudela.—II. A Passage in the Life of a Maître d'Armes.—III. The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. No. 3.—IV. An Ancient Dandy.—V. Mary Queen of Scots.—VI. Cuck Stukely. Part 9.—VII. A Lay of the League.—VIII. Revolt of the Workers; the Employer and the Employed.—IX. Sketches of Italy. Part 2.—X. An Adventure during the Great Revolution.—XI. Thomson's Seasons, illustrated by the Etching Club.

2. THE BOOK OF THE FARM. By HENRY STEPHENS. Part VIII. Price 4s.

Contents:—Drawing and Storing Turnips—Feeding Sheep on Turnips—Driving and Slaughtering Sheep. Illustrated with a Steel Plate and upwards of Forty Woodcuts.

3. REGINALD DALTON. With a Frontispiece. By JAMES E. LAUDER. Being No. X. of Blackwood's Standard Novels. Price 6s. neatly bound in cloth.

4. PROFESSOR JOHNSTON'S LECTURES ON AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY AND GEOLOGY. No. XXIII. Price 6d.

London: Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh; and 22, Pall Mall, London.

London: JAMES HOLMES, 4, Took's Court, Chancery Lane. Published every Saturday, at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, by JOHN FRANCIS, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors. Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh; for IRELAND, J. Cumming, Dublin.